The North American Miscellany.

No. 21.] SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1851. [Vol. II.

We continue this week our illustrations of the most beautiful objects at the World's Fair.

The first is a table richly elaborated and offered by Mr. Morant, one of the oldest and best known house-decorators of London. The top is of plate-glass, painted to imitate Florentine Mosaic.

The following engraving is after a Cameo cutting by a Flemish artist. It illustrates the well-known story of Mazeppa upon the Wild Horse.

As a specimen of the rich work in iron which graces the Exhibition, we give a Tazza in chased iron, by M. Mantifat, of Paris.

THE STORM-LIGHTS OF ANZASCA.

We relieve our matter-of-fact selections this week by reprinting an old and very passionate story, published twenty years ago, by Leitch Ritchie.

The main road from the Lago Maggiore to the western parts of Switzerland at one time ran through the Valley of Anzasca; and it was once my fortune to be detained all night at a cottage in one of its wildest defiles, by a storm which rendered my horse ungovernable. While leaning upon a bench, and looking with drowsy curiosity towards the window—for there was no bed except my host's, of which I did not choose to de-

prive him—I saw a small, faint light among the rocks in the distance. I at first conceived that it might proceed from a cottage-window; but, remembering that that part of the mountain was wholly uninhabited, and indeed uninhabitable, I roused myself, and calling one of the family, inquired what it meant. While I spoke, the light suddenly vanished; but in about a minute reappeared in another place, as if the bearer had gone round some intervening rock. The storm at that time raged with a fury which threatened to blow our hut, with its men and horses, over the mountains; and the night was so intensely dark that the edges of the horizon were wholly undistinguishable from the sky.

"There it is again!" said I. "What is that, in the name of God?"

"It is Lelia's lamp!" cried the young man eagerly, who was a son of our host. "Awake, father? Ho, Batista!—Vittorio! Lelia is on the mountains!" At these cries the whole family sprung up from their lair at once, and, crowding round the window, fixed their eyes upon the light, which continued to appear, although at long intervals, for a considerable part of the night. When interrogated as to the nature of this mystic lamp the cottagers made no scruple of telling me all they knew, on the sole condition that I should be silent when it appeared, and leave them to mark uninterruptedly the spot where it rested.

To render my story intelligible, it is necessary to say that the *minerali* and farmers form two distinct classes in the valley of Anzasca.* The occupation of the former, when pursued as a profession, is reckoned disreputable by the other inhabitants, who obtain their living by regular industry; and indeed the manners of the minerali offer some excuse for what might otherwise be reckoned an illiberal prejudice. They are addicted to drinking, quarrelsome, overbearing—at one moment rich, and at another starving; and in short they are subject to all the calamities, both moral and physical, which beset men who can have no dependence on the product of their labor; ranking in this respect with gamesters, authors, and other vagabonds.

They are, notwithstanding, a fine race of men—brave, hardy, and often handsome. They spend freely what they win lightly; and if one day they sleep off their hunger, lying like wild animals basking in the sun, the next, if fortune has been propitious, they swagger about, gallant and gay, the lords of the valley. Like the sons of God, the minerali sometimes make love to the daughters of men; and, although they seldom possess the hand, they occasionally touch the heart, of the gentle maidens of Anzasca. If their wooing is unsuccessful, there are comrades still wilder than their own, whose arms are always open to receive the desperate and the brave. They change the scene, and betake themselves to the highways when nights are dark and travellers unwary; or they enlist under the banner of those regular banditti, who rob in thousands, and whose booty is a province or a kingdom.

Francesco Martelli was the handsomest gold-seeker in the valley. He was wild, it is true, but that was the badge of his tribe; and he made up for this by so many good qualities, that the farmers themselves—at least such of them as had not marriageable daughters—delighted in his company. Francesco could sing ballads so sweetly and mournfully, that the old dames leant back in the chimney-corner to weep while he sung. He had that deep and melancholy voice which, when once heard, lingers in the ear, and when heard again, however unexpectedly, seems like a longing realized.

There was only one young lass in the valley who had never heard the songs of Francesco. All the others, seen or unseen, on some pretext or other, had gratified their curiosity. The exception was Lelia, the daughter of one of the richest farmers in Anzasca. Lelia was very young, being scarcely sixteen; but in her quality of an only daughter, with a dowry in expectancy equal to more than *one* thousand Austrian liras,* she attracted considerable observation. Her face, on minute inspection, was beautiful to absolute perfection, but her figure, although symmetrical, was so *petite*,

* The Valley of Anzasca has been for many centuries known for its gold mines. The *minerali* are those whose occupation it is to look for ore. In stormy nights small lights are to be seen upon the hills, which are supposed to indicate the presence of gold.

* The Austrian lira is equal to about eightpence halfpenny English.

and her manner so shy and girlish, that she was thought of more as a child than a young woman. The "heiress of old Niccoli" was the designation made use of, when parents would endeavor to awaken the ambition of their sons, as they looked forward to what *might* be some years hence; but Lelia, in her own person, was a nonentity.

Her mother had died in giving her birth; and for many a year the life of the child had been preserved, or rather her death prevented, by what seemed a miracle. Even after the disease, whatever it might have been, had yielded to the sleepless care of her father, she remained in that state which is described in the expression "not unwell" rather than in perfect health; although the most troublesome memento that remained of her illness was nothing more than a nervous timidity, which in a more civilized part of the country might have passed for delicacy of feeling.

Besides being in some degree shut out from the society of her equals by this peculiarity of her situation, she was prevented from enjoying it by another. While her body languished, the cultivation of her mind had advanced. Music, to which she was passionately attached, paved the way for poetry; and poetry, in spite of the doctrines of a certain school you have in England, unfitted her for association with the ignorant and unrefined. That Lelia, therefore, had never sought to hear the ballads of Francesco was occasioned, it may readily be believed, by nothing more than an instinctive terror, mingled with the dislike with which the name of one of the ruffian minerali inspired her; and, in truth, she listened to the tales that from time to time reached her ear, of the young gold-seeker, with somewhat of the vague and distant interest with which we attend to descriptions of a beautiful but wild and cruel animal of another hemisphere.

There came one at last, however, to whom poor Lelia listened. She was sitting alone, according to her usual custom, at the bottom of her father's garden, singing, while she plied her knitting-needle, in the soft low tone peculiar to her voice, and beyond which it had no compass. The only fence of the garden at this place was a belt of shrubs, which enriched the border of the deep ravine it overlooked. At the bottom of this ravine, flowed the river, rapid and yet sullen; and beyond, scarcely distant two hundred yards, a range of precipitous cliffs shut in the horizon. The wild and desolate aspect of the scene was overshadowed and controlled, as it were, by the stern grandeur of these ramparts of nature; and the whole contributed to form such a picture as artists travel a thousand miles to contemplate. Lelia, however, had looked upon it from childhood. It had never been forced upon her imagination by contrast, for she had never travelled five miles from her father's house, and she continued to knit, and sing, and dream, without even raising her eyes.

Her voice was rarely loud enough to be caught by the echoes of the opposite rocks; although sometimes it did happen that, carried away by enthusiasm, she produced a tone which was repeated by the fairy ministrels of the glen. On the present occasion she listened with surprise to a similar effect, for her voice had died almost in a whisper. She sang another stanza in a louder key. The challenge was accepted; and a rich, sweet voice took up the strain of her favorite ballad where she had dropped it. Lelia's first impulse was to fly; her second, to sit still and watch for a renewal of the music; and her third, which she obeyed, to steal on tiptoe to the edge of the ravine, and look down into the abyss, from whence the voice seemed to proceed. The echo, she discovered, was a young man, engaged in navigating a raft down the river—such as is used by the peasantry of the Alps to float themselves and their wares to market, and which at this moment was stranded on the shore, at the foot of the garden. He leant upon an oar, as if in the act of pushing off his clumsy boat; but his face was upturned, like one watching for the appearance of a star; and Lelia felt a sudden conviction, she knew not why, that he had seen her through the trees while she sat singing, and had adopted this method of attracting her attention without alarming her. If such had been his purpose, he seemed to have no ulterior view; for, after gazing for an instant, he withdrew his eyes in confusion, and, pushing off the raft, dropped rapidly down the river, and was soon out of sight.

Lelia's life was as calm as a sleeping lake, which a cloud will blacken, and the wing of an insect disturb. Even this little incident was matter for thought, and entered into the soft reveries of sixteen. She felt her cheeks

tingle as she wondered *how* long the young man had gazed at her through the trees, and *why* he had floated away without speaking, when he had succeeded in attracting her attention. There was *delicacy* in his little contrivance, to save her the surprise, perhaps the terror, of seeing a stranger in such a situation; there was *modesty* in the confusion with which he turned away his head; and, what perhaps was as valuable as either even to the gentle Lelia, there was *admiration*, deep and devout, in those brilliant eyes that had quailed beneath hers. The youth was as beautiful as a dream; and his voice!—it was so clear, and yet so soft—so powerful, yet so melodious! It haunted her ear like a prediction.

It was a week before she again saw this Apollo of her girlish imagination. It seemed as if in the interval they had had time to get acquainted! They exchanged salutations—the next time they spoke—and the next time they conversed. There was nothing mysterious in their communications. He was probably a farmer's son of the upper valley, who had been attracted, like others, by the fame of the heiress of old Niccoli. He, indeed, knew nothing of books, and he loved poetry more for the sake of music than its own; but what of that?—the writings of God were around and within them; and these, if they did not understand, they at least felt. He was bold and vigorous of mind; and this is beauty to the fair and timid. He skimmed along the edge of the precipice, and sprung from rock to rock in the torrent, as fearless as the chamois. He was beautiful, and brave, and proud; and this glorious creature, with radiant eyes and glowing cheeks, laid himself down at *her* feet to gaze upon her face, as poets worship the moon!

The world, before so monotonous, so blank, so dear, was now a heaven to poor Lelia. One thing only perplexed her: they were sufficiently long—according to the calculations of sixteen—and sufficiently well acquainted; their sentiments had been avowed without disguise; their faith plighted beyond recall: and as yet her lover had never mentioned his name! Lelia, reflecting on this circumstance, condemned, for the moment, her precipitation; but there was now no help for it, and she could only resolve to extort the secret—if secret it was—at the next meeting.

"My name!" said the lover, in reply to her frank and sudden question; "you will know it soon enough." "But I will not be said nay. You must tell me now—or at all events to-morrow night."

"Why to-morrow night?" "Because a young rich suitor, on whom my father's heart is set, is then to propose, in proper form, for this poor hand; and, let the confession cost what it may, I will not overthrow the dearest plans of my only parent without giving a reason which will satisfy even him. Oh, you do not know him! Wealth weighs as nothing in the scale against his daughter's happiness. You may be poor for aught I know; but you are good, and honorable, and, therefore, in his eyes, no unfitting match for Lelia." It was almost dark; but Lelia thought she perceived a smile on her lover's face while she spoke, and a gay suspicion flashed through her mind, which made her heart beat and her cheeks tingle. He did not answer for many minutes; a struggle of some kind seemed to agitate him; but at length, in a suppressed voice, he said—"To-morrow night, then." "Here?" "No, in your father's house; in the presence of—my rival."

The morrow night arrived; and, with a ceremonious formality practised on such occasions in the valley, the lover of whom Lelia had spoken was presented to his mistress, to ask permission to pay his addresses; or, in other words,—for there is but short shrift for an Anzascan maid—to demand her hand in marriage. This was indeed a match on which old Niccoli had set his heart; for the offer was by far the best that could have been found from the Val d'Ossola to Monte Rosa. The youth was rich, well-looking, and prudent even to coldness:—what more could a father desire?

Lelia had put off the minute of appearing in the porch, where the elders of both families had assembled, as long as possible. While mechanically arranging her dress, she continued to gaze out of the lattice, which commanded a view of the road and of the parties below, in expectation that increased to agony. Bitter were her reflections during that interval! She was almost tempted to believe that what had passed was nothing more than a dream—a figment of her imagination, disordered by poetry and solitude,

and perhaps in some measure warped by disease. Had she been made the sport of an idle moment?—and was the smile she had observed on her lover's face only the herald of the laugh which perhaps at this moment testified his enjoyment of her perplexity and disappointment! His conduct presented itself in the double light of folly and ingratitude; and at length, in obedience to the repeated summons of her father, she descended to the porch with a trembling step and a fevered cheek.

The sight of the company that awaited her awed and depressed her. She shrunk from them with more than morbid timidity; while their stony eyes, fixed upon her in all the rigidity of form and transmitted custom, seemed to freeze her very heart. There was one there, however, whose ideas of "propriety," strict as they were, could never prevent his eyes from glistening, and his arms from extending, at the approach of Lelia. Her father, after holding her for a moment at arm's length, as with a doating look his eyes wandered over the bravery of her new white dress, drew her close to his bosom, and blessed her. "My child," said he, smiling gayly through a gathering tear, "it is hard for an old man to think of parting with all he loves in the world: but the laws of nature must be respected. Young men will love, and young lasses will like, to the end of time; and new families will spring up out of their union. It is the way, girl—it is the fate of maids, and there's an end. For sixteen years have I watched over you, even like a miser watching his gold; and now, treasure of my life, I give you away! All I ask, on your part, is obedience—ay, and cheerful obedience—after the manner of our ancestors, and according to the laws of God. After this is over, let the old man stand aside, or pass away, when it pleases Heaven; he has left his child happy, and his child's children will bless his memory. He has drunk of the cup of life—sweet and bitter—bitter and sweet—even to the bottom; but with honey, Lelia,—thanks to his blessed darling!—with honey in the dregs!"

Lelia fell on her father's neck, and sobbed aloud. So long and bitter was her sobbing that the formality of the party was broken, and the circle narrowed anxiously around her. When at last she raised her head, it was seen that her cheeks were dry, and her face as white as the marble of Cordaglia.

A murmur of compassion ran through the bystanders; and the words "poor thing!—still so delicate!—old hysterics!" were whisperingly repeated from one to the other. The father was alarmed, and hastened to cut short a ceremony which seemed so appalling to the nervous timidity of his daughter. "It is enough," said he; "all will be over in a moment. Lelia, do you accept of this young man for your suitor?—come, one little word, and it is done." Lelia tried in vain to speak, and she bowed her acquiescence. "Sirs," continued Niccoli, my daughter accepts of the suitor you offer. It is enough; salute your mistress, my son, and let us go in, and pass round the cup of alliance." "The maiden hath not answered," observed a cold, cautious voice among the relations of the suitor. "Speak, then," said Niccoli, casting an angry and disdainful look at the formalist,—"it is but a word—a sound. Speak!" Lelia's dry, white lips had unclosed to obey, when the gate of the little court was wrenched open by one who was apparently too much in haste to find the latch, and a man rushed into the midst of the circle. "Speak *not!*" he shouted, "I forbid!" Lelia sprung towards him with a stifled cry, and would have thrown herself into his arms, had she not been suddenly caught midway by her father. "What is this?" demanded he sternly, but in rising alarm; "ruffian—drunkard,—madman!—what would you here?" "You *cannot* provoke me, Niccoli," said the intruder, "were you to spit upon me! I come to demand your daughter in marriage." "You!" shouted the enraged father. "You!" repeated the relations in tones of wonder, scorn, rage, or ridicule, according to the temperament of the individual. "There needeth no more of this," said the same cold, cautious voice that had spoken before; "a wedding begun in a brawl will never end well. To demand a girl in legitimate marriage is neither sin nor shame; let the young man be answered by the maiden herself, and then depart in peace." "He hath spoken well," said the more cautious among the old men; "speak, daughter; answer, and let the man be gone!" Lelia grew pale, and then red. She made a step forward—hesitated—looked at her father timidly—and then stood as still as a

statue, pressing her clasped hands upon her bosom, as if to silence the throbbings that disturbed her reason. "Girl," said old Niccoli, in a voice of suppressed passion, as he seized her by the arm, "do you know that man?—did you ever see him before? Answer, can you tell me his name?" "No!" "No!—the insolent ruffian! Go, girl, present your cheek to your future husband, that the customs of our ancestors may be fulfilled, and leave *me* to clear my doorway of vagabonds!" She stepped forward mechanically; but when the legitimate suitor, extending his arms, ran forward to meet her, she eluded him with a sudden shriek, and staggered towards the intruder. "Hold—hold!" cried the relations, "you are mad—you know not what you do—it is Francesco, the mineralo!" She had reached the stranger, who did not move from where he stood; and, as the ill-omened name met her ear, she fainted in his arms.

The confusion that ensued was indescribable. Lelia was carried senseless into the house; and it required the efforts of half the party to hold back her father, who would have grappled with the mineralo upon the spot. Francesco stood for some time with folded arms, in mournful and moody silence; but when at length the voice of cursing, which Niccoli continued to pour forth against him, had sunk in exhaustion, he advanced and confronted him. "I can bear those names," said he "from *you*. Some of them, you know well, are undeserved; and if others fit, it is more my misfortune than my fault. If to chastise insults, and render back scorn for scorn is to be a ruffian, I am one; but no man can be called a vagabond who resides in the habitation and follows the trade of his ancestors. These things, however, are trifles—at best they are only words. Your real objection to me is that I am POOR. It is a strong one. If I choose to take your daughter without a dowry, I would take her in spite of you all; but I will leave her—even to that thing without a soul—rather than subject so gentle a being to the privations and vicissitudes of a life like mine. I demand, therefore, not simply your daughter, but a dowry, if only a small one; and you have the right to require that on my part I shall not be empty-handed. She is young, and there can be, and ought to be no hurry with her marriage; but give me only a year—a single year; name a reasonable sum; and if, by the appointed time I cannot tell the money into your hand, I hereby engage to relinquish every claim, which her generous preference has given me, upon your daughter's hand." "It is well put," replied the cold and cautious voice in the assembly. "A year, at any rate, would have elapsed between the present betrothing and the damsel's marriage. If the young man before the bells of twelve, on this night twelvemonth, layeth down upon the table, either in coined money, or in gold, or golden ore, the same sum which we were here ready to guarantee on the part of my grandson, why I, for one, shall not object to the maiden's whim, —*provided it continues so long*—being consulted, in the disposal of her hand, in preference to her father's judgment and desires. The sum is only three thousand livres!" A laugh of scorn and derision rose among the relations. "Yes, yes," said they, "it is but just. Let the mineralo produce three thousand livres, and he shall have his bride. Neighbor Niccoli, it is a fair proposal; allow us to intercede for Francesco, and beg your assent!" "Sirs," said Francesco, in perplexity mingled with anger, "the sum of three thousand livres"—He was interrupted by another forced laugh of derision. "It is a fair proposal," repeated the relations; "agree, neighbor Niccoli, agree!" "I agree," said Niccoli disdainfully. "It is agreed!" replied Francesco, in a burst of haughty indignation; and with a swelling heart he withdrew.

A very remarkable change appeared to take place from that moment in the character and habits of the mineralo. He not only deserted the company of his riotous associates, but even that of the few respectable persons to whose houses he had obtained admission, either by his talents for singing, or the comparative propriety of his conduct. Day after day he labored in his precarious avocation. The changes of the seasons were not now admitted as excuses. The storm did not drive him to the wine-shed, and the rain did not confine him to his hut. Day after day, and often night after night he was to be found in the field—on the mountains—by the sides of the rain-courses—on the shores of the torrent.

He rarely indulged himself even in the recreation of meeting his mistress, for whom

all this labor was submitted to. Gold, not as a means but as an end, seemed to be his thought by day, and his dream by night, the object and end of his existence. When they did meet in darkness, and loneliness, and mystery, it was but to exchange a few hurried sentences of hope and comfort, and affected reliance upon fortune. On these occasions, tears, and tremblings, and hysterical sobbings, sometimes told, on her part, at once the hollowness of her words, and the weakness of her constitution; but on his, all was, or seemed to be, enthusiasm and steadfast expectation.

Days and weeks, however, passed by—moons rolled away—the year was drawing to its wane, and a great part of the enormous sum was still in the womb of the mountains. Day by day, week by week, and month by month, the hopes of the mineralo became fainter. He could no longer bestow the comfort which did not cheer even his dreams. Gloomy and sad, he could only strain his mistress in his arms, without uttering a word when she ventured an inquiry respecting his progress, and then hurry away to resume, mechanically, his hopeless task.

It is a strange, sometimes an awful thing, to look into the mystery of the female mind.

Lelia's health had received a shock from the circumstances we have recorded, which left her cheek pale, and her limbs weak, for many months; and to this physical infirmity was now added the effect of those dumb, but too eloquent, interviews with her lover. The lower he sunk in despondency, however, and the more desperate grew their affairs, the *higher* her spirits rose, as if to quell and control their fortune. Her hopes seemed to grow in proportion with his fears, and the strength which deserted him went over as an ally and supporter to her weakness. Even her bodily health received its direction from her mind. Her nerves seemed to recover their tone, her cheek its hue, and her eye its brilliancy. The cold and sluggish imagination of a man is unacquainted with half the resources of a woman in such circumstances. Disappointed in her dependence on fortune and casualty, Lelia betook herself to the altars and gods of her people! Saints and martyrs were by turns invoked; vows were offered up, and pilgrimages and religious watchings performed. Then came dreams and prodigies into play, and omens, and auguries. *Sortes* were wrested from the pages of Dante, and warnings and commands translated from the mystic writings of the sky—

"The stars which are the poetry of heaven."

The year touched upon its close; and the sum which the gold-seeker had amassed, although great almost to a miracle, was still far—very far, from sufficient. The last day of the year arrived, ushered in by storm, and thunderings, and lightnings; and the evening fell cold and dark upon the despairing labors of Francesco. He was on the side of the mountain opposite Niccoli's house.; and, as daylight died in the valley, he saw, with inexpressible bitterness of soul, by the number of lights in the windows, that the fête was not forgotten. Some trifling success, however, induced him, like a drowning man grasping at a straw, to continue his search. He was on the spot indicated by a dream of his enthusiastic mistress; and she had conjured him not to abandon the attempt till the bell of the distant church should silence their hopes for ever.

His success continued. He was working with the pickaxe, and had discovered a very small perpendicular vein; and it was just possible that this, although altogether inadequate in itself, might be crossed at a greater depth, by a horizontal one, and thus form one of the *gruppi*, or nests, in which the ore is plentiful and easily extracted. To work, however, was difficult, and to work long, impossible. His strength was almost exhausted; the storm beat fiercely in his face; and the darkness increased every moment. His heart wholly failed him; his limbs trembled; a cold perspiration bedewed his brow; and, as the last rays of daylight departed from the mountain-side he fell senseless upon the ground.

How long he remained in this state he did not know; but he was recalled to life by a sound resembling, as he imagined, a human cry. The storm howled more wildly than ever along the side of the mountain, and it was now pitch-dark; but on turning round his head he saw, at a little distance above where he lay, a small, steady light. Francesco's heart began to quake. The light advanced towards him, and he perceived

that it was borne by a figure arrayed in white from head to foot. "Lelia!" cried he in amazement, mingled with superstitious terror, as he recognized the features of his young fair mistress. "Waste not time in words," said she, "much may yet be done, and I have the most perfect assurance that now at least I am not deceived. Up, and be of good heart? Work, for here is light. I will sit down in the shelter, bleak though it be, of the cliff, and aid you with my prayers, since I cannot with my hands." Francesco seized the axe, and stirred, half with shame, half with admiration, by the courage of the generous girl, resumed his labor with new vigor. "Be of good heart," continued Lelia, "and all will yet be well. Bravely—bravely done!—be sure the saints have heard us!" Only once she uttered any thing resembling a complaint—"It is so cold!" said she, "make haste, dearest, for I cannot find my way home, if I would, without the light." By and by she repeated more frequently the injunction to "make haste." Francesco's heart bled while he thought of the sufferings of the sick and delicate girl on such a night, in such a place; and his blows feel desperately on the stubborn rock. He was now at a little distance from the spot where she sat, and was just about to beg her to bring the light nearer, when she spoke again. "Make haste—make haste!" she said, "the time is almost come—I shall be wanted—I *am* wanted—I can stay no longer—farewell!" Francesco looked up, but the light was already gone.

It was so strange, this sudden desertion! If determined to go, why did she go alone? —aware, as she must have been, that *his* remaining in the dark could be of no use. Could it be that her heart had changed, the moment her hopes had vanished? It was a bitter and ungenerous thought; nevertheless, it served to bridle the speed with which Francesco at first sprung forward to overtake his mistress. He had not gone far, however, when a sudden thrill arrested his progress. His heart ceased to beat, he grew faint, and would have fallen to the ground, but for the support of a rock, against which he staggered. When he recovered, he retraced his steps as accurately as it was possible to do in utter darkness. He knew not whether he found the exact spot on which Lelia had sat, but he was sure of the surrounding localities; and, if she was still there, her white dress would no doubt gleam even through the thick night which surrounded her.

With a lightened heart—for, compared with the phantom of the mind which had presented itself, all things seemed endurable—he begun again to descend the mountain. In a place so singularly wild, where the rocks were piled around in combinations at once fantastic and sublime, it was not wonderful that the light carried by his mistress should be wholly invisible to him, even had it been much nearer than was by this time probable. Far less was it surprising that the shouts which ever and anon he uttered should not reach her ear; for he was on the lee-side of the storm, which raved among the cliffs with a fury that might have drowned the thunder.

Even to the practised feet of Francesco, the route, without the smallest light to guide his steps, was dangerous in the extreme; and to the occupation thus afforded to his thoughts it was perhaps owing that he reached Niccoli's house in a state of mind to enable him to acquit himself in a manner not derogatory to the dignity of manhood. "Niccoli," said he, on entering the room, "I have come to return you thanks for the trial you have allowed me. I have failed, and, in terms of the engagement between us, I relinquish my claims to your daughter's hand." He would then have retired as suddenly as he had entered; but old Niccoli caught hold of his arm:—"Bid us farewell," said he, in a tremulous voice, "go not in anger. Forgive me for the harsh words I used when we last met. I have watched you, Francesco, from that day—and—" He wiped away a tear, as he looked upon the soiled and neglected apparel, and the haggard and ghastly face of the young man—"No matter—my word is plighted—farewell. Now call my daughter," added he, "and I pray God that the business of this night end in no ill?"

Francesco lingered at the door. He would fain have seen but the skirt of Lelia's mantle before departing! "She is not in her room!" cried a voice of alarm. Francesco's heart quaked. Presently the whole house was astir. The sound of feet running here and there was heard, and agitated voices

called out her name. The next moment the old man rushed out of the room, and, laying both his hands upon Francesco's shoulders, looked wildly in his face. "Know you aught of my daughter?" said he. "Speak, I conjure you, in the name of the Blessed Saviour! Tell me that you have married her, and I will forgive and bless you! Speak!—will you not speak? A single word! Where is my daughter? Where is my Lelia?—my life—my light—my hope—my child—my child!" The mineralo started, as if from a dream, and looked round apparently without comprehending what had passed. A strong shudder then shook his frame for an instant. "Lights!" said he, "torches!—every one of you! Follow me!" and he rushed out into the night. He was speedily overtaken by the whole of the company, amounting to more than twelve men, with lighted torches, that flared like meteors in the storm. As for the leader himself, he seemed scarcely able to drag one limb after the other, and he staggered to and fro, like one who is drunken with wine.

They at length reached the place he sought; and, by the light of the torches, something white was seen at the base of the cliff. It was Lelia. She leaned her back against the rock; one hand was pressed upon her heart, like a person who shrinks with cold; and in the other she held the lamp, the flame of which had expired in the socket. Francesco threw himself on his knees at one side, and the old man at the other, while a light, as strong as day, was shed by the torches upon the spot. She was dead—dead—stone dead!

After a time, the childless old man went to seek out the object of his daughter's love; but Francesco was never seen from that fatal night. A wailing sound is sometimes heard to this day upon the hills, and the peasants say that it is the voice of the mineralo seeking his mistress among the rocks; and every dark and stormy night the lamp of Lelia is still seen upon the mountain, as she lights her phantom-lover in his search for gold.

Such is the story of the storm-lights of Anzasca, and the only part of it which is mine is the translation into the language of civilized men of the sentiments of a rude and ignorant people.

From "Chambers' Edinburgh Journal."

A VISIT TO THE NORTH CAPE.

Having hired an open boat and a crew of three hands, I left Hammerfest at nine, P. M., July 2, 1850, to visit the celebrated Nordkap. The boat was one of the peculiar Nordland build—very long, narrow, sharp, but strongly built, with both ends shaped alike, and excellently adapted either for rowing or sailing. We had a strong headwind from northeast at starting, and rowed across the harbor to the spot where the house of the British consul, Mr. Robertson, a Scotchman, is situated, near to the little battery (*fæstning*) which was erected to defend the approach to Hammerfest, subsequently to the atrocious seizure of the place by two English ships during the last war. Mr. Robertson kindly lent me a number of reindeer skins to lie on at the bottom of the boat; and spreading them on the rough stones we carried for ballast, I was thus provided with an excellent bed. I have slept for a fortnight at a time on reindeer skins, and prefer them to any feather-bed. Mr. Robertson warned me that I should find it bitterly cold at sea, and expressed surprise at my light clothing; but I smiled, and assured him that my hardy wandering life had habituated me to bear exposure of every kind with perfect impunity. By an ingenious contrivance of a very long tiller, the pilot steered with one hand and rowed with the other, and we speedily cleared the harbor, and crept round the coast of Qual Oe, (Whale-Island,) on which Hammerfest is situated. About midnight, when the sun was shining a considerable way above the horizon, the view of a solitary little rock, in the ocean ahead, bathed in a flood of crimson glory, was most impressive. We proceeded with a tolerable wind until six in the morning, when heavy squalls of wind and torrents of rain began to beat upon us, forcing us to run, about two hours afterwards, into Havösund—a very narrow strait between the island of Havöe and the mainland of Finmark. As it was impossible to proceed in such a tempest, we ran the boat to a landing-place in front of the summer residence of Herr Ulich, a great magnate in Finmark. This is undoubtedly the most northern gentleman's house in the world. It is a large, handsome, wooden building,

painted white, and quite equal in appearance to the better class of villas in the North. The family only reside there during the three summer months; and extensive warehouses for the trade in dried cod or stockfish, &c., are attached. My crew obtained shelter in an outbuilding, and I unhesitatingly sought the hospitality of the mansion. Herr Ulich himself was absent, being at his house at Hammerfest; but his amiable lady, and her son and two daughters, received me with a frank cordiality as great as though I were an old friend; and in a few minutes I was thoroughly at home. Here I found a highly-accomplished family, surrounded with the luxuries and refinements of civilization, dwelling amid the wildest solitudes, and so near the North Cape that it can be distinctly seen from their house in clear weather. Madame Ulich and her daughters spoke nothing but Norwegian, but the son, a very intelligent young man of about nineteen, spoke English very well. He had recently returned from a two years' residence at Archangel, where the merchants of Finmark send their sons to learn the Russian language, as it is of vital importance for their trading interests—the greater portion of the trade of Finmark being with the White-Sea districts, which supply them with meal and other necessaries, in exchange for stockfish, &c. Near as they were to the North Cape, it was a singular fact that Herr Ulich and his son had only once visited it; and the former had resided ten years at Havösund—not more than twenty-five miles distant—ere that visit took place! They said that very few travellers visited the Cape; and, strange to say, the majority are French and Italians.

I declined to avail myself of the pressing offer of a bed, and spent the morning in conversation with this very interesting family. They had a handsome drawing-room, containing a grand colossal bust in bronze of Louis Philippe, King of the French. The ex-king, about fifty-five years ago, when a wandering exile, (under the assumed name of Müller,) visited the North Cape. He experienced hospitality from many residents in Finmark, and he had slept in this very room; but the house itself then stood on Maas Island, a few miles farther north. Many years ago, the present proprietor removed the entire structure to Havöe; and his son assured me the room itself was preserved almost exactly as it was when Louis Philippe used it, though considerable additions and improvements have been made to other parts of the house. About sixteen years ago, Paul Garnard, the president of the commission shortly afterwards sent by the French government to explore Greenland and Iceland, called on Herr Ulich, and said he was instructed by the king to ask what present he would prefer from his majesty as a memorial of his visit to the North. A year afterwards, the corvette of war, *La Recherche*, on its way to Iceland, &c., put into Havösund, and left the bust in question, as the express gift of the king. It is a grand work of art, executed in the finest style, and is intrinsically very valuable, although of course the circumstances under which it became Herr Ulich's property add inestimably to its worth in his eyes. The latter gentleman is himself a remarkable specimen of the highly-educated Norwegian. He has travelled over all Europe, and speaks, more or less, most civilized languages. On my return to Hammerfest I enjoyed the pleasure of his society, and his eager hospitality; and he favored me with an introduction for the Norwegian states minister at Stockholm. I merely mention these things to show the warm-hearted kindness which even an unintroduced, unknown traveller may experience in the far North. Herr Ulich has resided twenty-five years at Havösund; and he says he thinks that not more than six English travellers have visited the North Cape within twenty years—that is to say, by way of Hammerfest; but parties of English gentlemen occasionally proceed direct in their yachts.

Fain would my new friends have delayed my departure; but, wind and tide serving, I resumed my voyage at noon, promising to call on my return. In sailing through the sound, I noticed a neat, little wooden church, the most northern in Finmark. A minister preaches in it to the Fins and Laps at intervals, which depend much on the state of the weather; but I believe once a month in summer. The congregation come from a circle of immense extent. If I do not err, Mr. Robert Chambers mentions in his tour having met with the clergyman of this wild parish.

Passing Maas Oe, we sailed across an

open arm of the sea, and reached the coast of Mager Oe, the island on which the North Cape is situated. Mager Oe is perhaps twenty miles long by a dozen broad, and is separated from the extreme northern mainland of Finmark by Magerösund. Although a favorable wind blew, my crew persisted in running into a harbor here, where there is a very extensive fish-curing establishment, called Gjesvohr, belonging to Messrs. Agaard of Hammerfest. There are several houses, sheds, &c., and immense tiers of the split stockfish drying across horizontal poles. At this time about two hundred people were employed, and one or two of the singular three-masted White-Sea ships were in the harbor, with many Finmark fishing-boats. The water was literally black with droves of young cod, which might have been killed by dozens as they basked near the surface. My men loitered hour after hour; but as I was most anxious to visit the North Cape when the midnight sun illumined it, I induced them to proceed.

On resuming our voyage, we coasted along the shore, which was one mass of savage, precipitous rock, until the black massive Cape loomed very distinctly in the horizon. I landed at a bluff headland called Tuncæs, and collected a few flowers growing in crevices in the rock. A little beyond that, in Sandbugt, a fragment of wreck was discernible, and I ordered the boat to be pulled towards it. It proved to be a portion of the keel of a large ship, about fifty feet long, and much worn. It had evidently been hauled on the reefs by some fishermen, and the fortunate salvors had placed their rude marks upon it. I mused over this fragment of wreck, which was mutely eloquent with melancholy suggestiveness. How many prayers had gone forth with the unknown ship! how many fathers, brothers, sisters, lovers, and unconscious widows and orphans, might at that moment be hoping against hope for her return! To what port did she belong? In what remote ocean had she met her doom? Perchance this keel had been borne by wind and tide from some region of thick-ribbed ice, and was the only relic to tell of the dark fate of a gallant bark and brave crew! Alas, what a thrilling history might that weed-tangled piece of wood be linked with, and what food did it supply for the wanderer's imagination!

Resuming the voyage, we came to a long promontory of solid rock, stretching far into the sea, where it tapers down to the level of the water. It is called Kniuskjœrodden; and I particularly draw attention to it for the following reason:—At Hammerfest the consul favored me with an inspection of the charts recently published by the Norwegian government, from express surveys by scientific officers of their navy. The instant I cast my eye over the one containing Mager Oe, I perceived that Kniuskjœrodden was set down *farther north than the North Cape itself!* The consul said that such was the actual fact, though he will not consent to its disputing the legitimacy of the ancient fame which the Cape worthily enjoys; since it is merely a low, narrow projection, of altogether insignificant character. I walked to its extremity, and narrowly escaped being washed by the roaring breakers into the deep transparent sea.

Rounding Kniuskjœrodden, the North Cape burst in all its sunlit grandeur on my delighted view. It was now a dead calm, and my vikings pulled very slowly across the grand bay of Kniusuœrig, to afford me an opportunity of sketching the object, which is one enormous mass of solid rock upwards of a thousand feet in elevation. I can compare it to nothing more fitly than the keep of a castle of tremendous size; for it very gently tapers upwards from the base, and presents a surface marvellously resembling timeworn masonry. The front approaches the perpendicular, and so does much of the western side also. The color of this mighty rock is a dark, shining, speckled gray, relieved by dazzling masses of snow lying in the gigantic fissures, which seem to have been riven by some dread convulsion. The impression I felt as the boat glided beneath its shadow was one of thrilling awe; for its magnificently stern proportions—its colossal magnitude—its position as the lonely, unchanging sentinel of nature, which for countless ages has stood forth as the termination of the European continent, frowning defiance to the maddening fury of the mystic Arctic Ocean—all combine to invest it with associations and attributes of overpowering majesty. My ideas of its sublimity were more than realized; and as I landed on its base, in the blaze of the midnight sun, I felt an emotion of proud joy,

that my long-feasted hope of gazing upon it at such an hour, and under such circumstances, was literally fulfilled.

The only place where a landing can be effected is on the western side, about a mile and a half from the head of the Cape; and it is usual for those who ascend it to go many miles round from this starting-place to gain the summit, because a direct upward ascent is considered impracticable. But having much confidence in my climbing capabilities, I resolved to adventure the latter feat; and although burdened with my sea-cloak and other things, I instantly commenced the task, leaving my crew to slumber in the boat until my return. I found the whole of the western side, opposite the landing-place, clothed with the most luxuriant vegetation to the height of about a hundred yards. There were myriads of flowers, including exquisite white violets with hairy stems; purple, red, and white star-flowers; the beautiful large yellow cup-flower, growing on stems two feet high, and called by the Norwegians *knap-sullen-öie-blomster*, (literally, button-sun-eye-flower,) and many other varieties of species unknown to me. There were also several kinds of dwarf shrubs, including the juniper, then in green berry. Butterflies and insects flitted gayly from flower to flower. After resting on a ledge of rock to take breath, and look down on the glassy waters and the boat at my feet—now dwindled to a speck—I resumed my clambering; but to my extreme mortification, when I had ascended two-thirds of the way, at no small risk to my bones, I was mastered by overhanging masses of rock, all trickling with slimy moisture from the congealed snow above. Here I had a narrow escape from being killed by a fragment of loose rock giving way beneath me; and drawing down other pieces after it; but I clung tenaciously to a firm part, and the heavy stones bounded harmlessly over my head. I descended with difficulty; and after carefully surveying the face of the rocks, tried at a more favorable place, and even then I was above an hour in gaining the summit. I understand that I am the first adventurer who has scaled the Cape at that place; and I certainly was thankful when I could throw my weary frame down, and eat some frugal fare, slaking my thirst with a handful of snow from the solid patch by my side. Though I had been more than forty-eight hours without rest, bodily fatigue was little felt. I could behold from my airy elevation many miles of the surface of the island. The higher peaks and the sheltered hollows were clothed with snow, glittering in the midnight sun, and several dark lakes nestled amid the frowning rocks.

Resuming my progress, I passed over the surface of the Cape. It is covered with slaty *débris*, and, what struck me as very remarkable, quantities of a substance resembling coarse white marble, totally different from the Cape itself. The only vegetation on the summit is a species of moss, which bears most beautiful flowers, generally of a purple hue, blooming in clusters of hundreds and thousands together. These dumb witnesses of nature's benevolent handiwork filled my soul with pleasing, grateful thoughts, and uplifted it to the Divine Being who maketh flowers to bloom and waters to gush in the most desolate regions of the earth. In the bed of a ravine, crossed in my way towards the end of the Cape, I found a rapid stream of the purest water, which proved deliciously refreshing. I wandered along; and after skirting much of the western precipice, drew nigh the bourne of my pilgrimage. The Cape terminates in a shape approaching a semicircle, but the most northern part swells out in a clear appreciable point. About a hundred yards from the latter I came upon a circle of stones, piled nearly breast high, inclosing a space some dozen feet in diameter. This had evidently been erected by a party of visitors as a shelter from the winds. Not far distant a block of black rock rises above the level, which is otherwise smooth as a bowling-green, and covered with minute fragments of rock. Within two or three yards of the extreme point is a small pole, sustained in the centre of a pile of stones. I found several initials and dates cut on this very perishable register, and added my own. I believe it was set up by the government expedition three or four years ago, as a signal post for the trigonometrical survey.

I cannot adequately describe the tide of emotion which filled my soul as I walked up to the dizzy verge. I only know that, after standing a moment with folded arms, beating heart, and tear-dimmed eye, I knelt, and

with lowly-bowed head, returned thanks to God for permitting me to thus realize one darling dream of my boyhood!

Despite the wind, which here blew violently, I sat down by the side of the pole, and wrapping my cloak around me, long contemplated the grand spectacle of nature in one of her sublimest aspects. I was truly alone. Not a living being was in sight: far beneath was the boundless expanse of ocean with a sail or two on its bosom at an immense distance; above was the canopy of heaven, flecked with snowy cloudlets; the sun was gleaming through a broad belt of blood-red horizon; the only sounds were the whistling of the wind, and the occasional plaintive scream of hovering sea-fowl. My pervading feeling was a calm though deep sense of intellectual enjoyment and triumph —very natural to an enthusiastic young wanderer upon achieving one of the long-cherished enterprises of his life.

With reluctant and wildly-devious step, I bade what is probably an eternal adieu to the wonderous Cape, and effected a comparatively easy descent to the place whence I had started. My men had dropped grapnel a considerable distance from the rock; and being unwilling to disturb their slumber, I spent some further time in exploring the western base. There is a very curious cavernous range of rock washed out by the terrific beating of wintery storms, so as to form a species of arcade. The sides are of immense thickness, but the sea has worn them open at the top. The water here, as along the whole coast of Norway and Finmark, is marvellously transparent. Weeds and fish may be seen at a prodigious depth clearly as in a mirror.

On the return voyage, we ran into a creek near Sandbugt, and the crew went ashore to a Lap *gamme* (hut) to sleep; but as I had no desire to furnish a dainty fresh meal to the vermin with which every gamme swarms, I slept soundly on my reindeer skins in the boat, although it was now rainy and intensely cold. After the lapse of a few hours I joined them at the gamme, and bought a fine *pæsk* or tunic of reindeer skin from an old Lap; and learning that his herd of reins was in the vicinity, I had a long ramble in search of them, but without avail; for they had wandered far away, influenced by that remarkable instinct which impels reindeer to invariably run *against* the wind. I gathered some fine specimens of sponge in marshy hollows. In the course of our subsequent voyage, I made another pause of a few hours at Giesvohr, where I examined the works for curing the fish and extracting the oil, but declined taking any repose. Next morning, being favored with a powerful wind, our little craft fairly leaped over the waves; and I noted her dexterous management with the eye of an amateur receiving a valuable lesson. The old pilot kept the sheet of the lug-sail constantly ready to slip, and another hand stood by the greased halyard to let all go by the run; for there are frequent eddies and squalls of wind along this very dangerous coast, which would upset a boat in an instant, were not great tact and unremitting vigilance exercised. The sea ran exceedingly high, and we shipped water from stem to stern every time we settled in its trough, in such a way that the baling never ceased. Safely, however, did we run into Havösund once more at about eight o'clock.

Young Ulich welcomed my unexpectedly early return at the landing-place, and I was delighted to again become the eagerly-welcomed guest of his house. Happily, and only too quickly, did the time speed. I chatted in my sadly-broken Norwegian—the first to laugh at my own comical blunders; and the eldest young lady sweetly sang to me several of the most ancient and popular of her native ballads, accompanying them on her guitar—the fashionable instrument of music in the North, where many things which have fallen into desuetude with us universally flourish. As she could understand no other language, I in return did my best to chant the celebrated national Danish song, *Den tappre Landsoldat*, the fame of which has penetrated to the far North. So popular is this song in Denmark, that its author and composer have both recently received an order of knighthood for it. In the library were translations of Marryatt, and other English novelists; and they showed me a copy of—Cruikshank's *Bottle!* I thought that if that gifted artist could have thus beheld how his fame and a genuine copy of his greatest work has penetrated, and is highly appreciated in the vicinity of the North Cape, he would have experienced a glow of enviable, and not un-

deserved satisfaction. The only teetotaller, by the way, whom I ever met with in Scandinavia, was one of the crew of the boat with me. He invariably declined the *brœndiviin*, as I passed it round from time to time, and assured me he drank only water and milk.

The young ladies had about a score of pretty tame pigeons; and to my extreme regret a couple were killed, to give me an additional treat at a dinner served in a style which I should rather have expected to meet with in an English hotel than at a solitary house on an arctic island. They afterwards conducted me to their—garden! Yes, a veritable garden, the fame of which has extended far and wide in Finmark; for there is nothing to compare to it for at least four hundred miles southward. It is of considerable size, inclosed by high wooden walls, painted black to attract the sun's rays, which are very fervid in the latter end of summer. Potatoes, peas, and other table vegetables, were in a thriving state, but only come to maturity in favorable seasons. I had some radishes at dinner, and excellent they were. Glazed frames protected cucumber and other plants, and many very beautiful and delicate flowers bloomed in the open air. The young ladies gathered some of the finest specimens of these, including large blue forget-me-nots, and placed them within the leaves of my Bible. Highly do I treasure them, for they will ever vividly recall a host of pleasant and romantic associations.

Most pressing were they all to induce me to stay some days with them, and gladly indeed would I have complied had circumstances permitted; but I felt compelled to hasten back to Hammerfest. In the afternoon, therefore, I bade adieu to a family which had shown me a degree of engaging kindness greater than any I had experienced since I left my warmly-attached Danish friends.

The remainder of our return voyage was wet and tempestuous. We sailed and rowed all night, and reached Hammerfest at eight A. M. on July 5, much to the astonishment of the good folks there, who had not anticipated seeing us again in less than a week or ten days. The consul and many others assured me that my voyage had been performed with unprecedented speed, the whole time occupied being not quite three and a half days.

From Dickens' "Household Words."

SOMNAMBULISM.

THAT a person deeply immersed in thought, should, like Dominie Sampson, walk along in a state of "prodigious" unconsciousness, excites no surprise, from the frequency of the occurrence; but that any one should, when fast asleep, go through a series of complicated actions which seem to demand the assistance of the senses while closed against ordinary external impressions is, indeed, marvellous. Less to account for this mysterious state of being, than to arrange such a series of facts as may help further inquiry into the subject, we have assembled several curious circumstances regarding somnambulism.

Not many years ago a case occurred at the Police-office at Southwark, of a woman who was charged with robbing a man while he was walking in his sleep during the daytime along High-street, in the Borough, when it was proved in evidence that he was in the habit of walking in his somnambulic fits through crowded thoroughfares. He was a plasterer by trade, and it was stated in court that it was not an uncommon thing for him to fall asleep while at work on the scaffold, yet he never met with any accident, and would answer questions put to him as if he were awake. In like manner, we are informed that Dr. Haycock, the Professor of Medicine at Oxford, would, in a fit of somnambulism, preach an eloquent discourse; and some of the sermons of a lady who was in the habit of preaching in her sleep have been deemed worthy of publication.

We remember meeting with the case of an Italian servant, who was a somnambulist, and who enjoyed the character of being a better waiter when he was asleep than when he was awake. Every book on the subject repeats the anecdote which has been recorded of the blind poet, Dr. Blacklock, who, on one occasion, rose from his bed, to which he had retired at an early hour, came into the room where his family were assembled, conversed with them, afterwards entertained them with a pleasant song, and then retired to his bed; and when he awoke, had not the least recollection of what he had done. Here, however, on the very threshold of the mystery, we meet with this difficulty—were these persons, when they

performed the actions described, partially awake, or were they really in a state of profound sleep? In solving this problem, we shall proceed to consider some of the phenomena of somnambulism, premising only that if we avail ourselves of cases which the reader may before have met with, it is to throw light on what we may, perhaps, call the physiology of this very curious affection.

There can be no doubt that somnambulism is hereditary. Horstius mentions three brothers, who were affected with it at the same period; and Dr. Willis knew a whole family subject to it. It is considered by all medical men as a peculiar form of disease. It seldom manifests itself before the age of six, and scarcely ever continues beyond the sixtieth year. It depends physically upon the susceptibility or delicacy of the nervous system; and on this account females are more liable to it than males; and in youth it manifests itself more frequently than in mature age. It is caused mentally by any violent and profound emotion; as well as by excessive study, and over-fatiguing the intellectual faculties. Some persons walk periodically in their sleep; the fit returns at stated intervals—perhaps two or three times only in the month. It has been also observed—although we by no means vouch for the fact—by an eminent German physician, that some persons walk at the full, others at the new moon, but especially at its changes. One German authority—Burdach—goes the comical length of asserting that the propensity of somnambulists to walk on the roofs of houses is owing to the attraction of the moon, and that they have a peculiar pleasure in contemplating the moon, even in the day time. Whatever may be the cause of the affection, somnambulism undoubtedly assumes different degrees of intensity. The first degree evinces itself by the movements we have referred to, and by sleep-talking. This stage is said to be marked by an impossibility of opening the eyes, which are as if glued together. There are many curious circumstances to be observed concerning sleep-talking. The intonation of the voice differs from the waking state, and persons for the most part express themselves with unusual facility.

We were acquainted with a young lady accustomed to sit up in bed and recite poetry in her sleep, whose mother assured us that she sometimes took cognizance of circumstances which she could not, in any way account for. On one occasion they had been to a ball; and, after the daughter was in bed and asleep, her mother went quietly into her room, and taking away her dress and gloves deposited them in another room. Presently, as usual, the fair somnambule began talking in her sleep; her mother entered, as usual, into conversation with her; and at length asked "But what have you done with your new ball-dress?" "Why, you know," replied she, "you have laid it on the couch in the drawing-room." "Yes," continued the mother, "but your gloves—what have you done with them?" "You know well enough," she answered, in an angry one, "you have locked them up in your jewel box." Both answers were correct; and it may be here observed that somnambulists, if equivocated with in conversation, or in any way played upon, will express themselves annoyed, and betray angry feelings. The truthfulness of sleep-talking may, we apprehend, always be relied on. In this state there is no attempt at evasion; no ingenuity exercised to disguise any thing. The master-mind of Shakspeare—which seems to have divined the secrets of Nature, and illustrated scientific principles before they were discovered by philosophers—recognized this fact, in making Iago thus rouse the jealousy of Othello:—

> "There are a kind of men so loose of soul
> That in their sleep will mutter their affairs;—
> One of this kind is Cassio.
> In sleep I heard him say, 'Sweet Desdemona,
> Let us be wary.'"

Hitherto Othello had borne up manfully against the cruel insinuations of Iago—but this sleep-revelation "denoted a foregone conclusion," and carried with it irresistible conviction. Upon the same principle, Lord Byron founded the story of "Parisina." Not long ago a robbery was committed in Scotland, which was discovered by one of the guilty parties being overheard muttering some facts connected with it in his sleep. Mental anxiety will, almost at any age, give rise to sleep-talking. The ideas of children during sleep are often very vivid; nor is there any thing more common than to hear them utter exclamations of distress, connected, particularly, with any fears that

may, unwisely, have been impressed on the waking mind. The case of a little girl came lately under our notice, who exhibited the most alarming symptoms during sleep; sobbing and imploring help, under the imagination that she was being pursued by an evil spirit: in consequence of a foolish, fanatical person having frightened her with threats of this description, while the child, before going to bed, was saying her prayers. Very much convulsed inwardly, she was with difficulty awakened, and for some time afterwards remained in a state of agitation bordering on delirium. Assuredly parents cannot be too careful in endeavoring to make very young children go to bed with composed and happy minds, otherwise they know not what hideous phantom may draw aside the curtain of their sleep; and, by terrifying the imagination, produce fits that may be incurable in after-life. We believe it quite possible that epilepsy, itself, may be so produced.

In schools sleep-talking is very common: anxious pupils, in their sleep, will frequently repeat a lesson they cannot remember when awake.

The son of the eminent linguist and commentator, Doctor Adam Clarke, tells us, that his father overheard him, in his sleep repeat a Greek verb which he was endeavoring to learn, and which, the following morning, he was unable to remember. This is a curious fact—he knew his lesson in his sleep, but did not do so when he was awake; the faculty of memory, however, in a state of somnambulism undergoes many singular modifications. Thus, persons who talk in their sleep, may, by conversation, be brought to remember a dream within a dream; and it is very common, in the higher stages of somnambulism, for a person to recollect what happened in the preceding fit, and be unconscious of any interval having elapsed between them. A somnambulist, at Berlin, in one of her paroxysms, wandering in her sleep, was guilty of an indiscretion which she had no recollection of in her waking hours; but, when she again became somnambulic, she communicated all the circumstances to her mother. During the next convalescent interval, they again escaped her memory. The case is related, by Treviranus, of a young student who when he fell asleep began to repeat aloud a continuous and connected dream, which began each night precisely where it left off the preceding night. This reminds us of the story of the drunken Porter, who in a fit of intoxication left a parcel at a wrong house; when he became sober he could not recollect where he had left it, but the next time he got drunk he remembered the house, and called and recovered it.

In persons disposed to somnambulism, dreams of a very striking and exciting nature call into action, in the early stage of this affection, the muscles of the voice before those which are implicated in the movement of rising and walking; and it is worthy of notice that the muscles, upon which the voice is dependent, are very numerous and exquisitely delicate; the result of which is, that they are affected by all mental emotions. Hence, the tones of the voice truly indicate the character of certain passions and feelings, for which reason, on the stage, the intonation given by the actor, whether it be the distressed cry of a Belvidera, or the pathetic singing of an Ophelia, will carry along the sympathies of the audience, albeit, the exact words may not be understood. A particular tone of voice causes, without reference to words, a corresponding feeling, just as the vibration of one instrument will harmonize with the vibration of another; but this is not all, the voice is the first organ which is affected by any excitement of the brain. It betrays the wine-bibber having drunk to excess while he is yet perfectly rational; it is, therefore, by no means surprising that persons in their sleep when excited by dreams, should moan, mutter, or even speak articulately. In this state, the mind seems to struggle, in its connection with the body, to give utterance to its emotions; and it is reasonable to believe the greater the intensity of the dream-conception, the clearer will be the articulation of the voice, and the greater, also, the precision of the somnambulic movements. Hence, apparently, it is only in very profound sleep that persons will rise, dress themselves, walk about, &c.; while, in less profound sleep, their vivid dreams only agitate and make them restless. One of the most interesting, and indeed affecting, cases on record, is that of Laura Bridgman, who, at a very early age, was afflicted with an inflammatory disease, which

ended in the disorganization and loss of the contents of her eyes and ears; in consequence of which calamity she grew up blind, deaf, and dumb. Now, it is quite certain that persons who have once enjoyed the use of their senses, and then lost them, have very vivid dreams, in which they recall the impressions of their earliest infancy. So was it with the blind poet, Dr. Blacklock; and so also was it with Laura Bridgman, and it is a very interesting fact that she, being unable to speak, when asleep used the finger alphabet. This she did sometimes in a very confused manner, the irregularity of her finger-signs corresponding with that defective articulation which persons give utterance to, when they murmur and mutter indistinctly their dream-impressions. It was, be it observed, when she was disturbed in her sleep that she ran over her finger alphabet confusedly, like one who, playing on a stringed instrument, has not the attention sufficiently fixed to give precision and expression to the performance. The minstrel, described by Sir Walter Scott, with his fingers wandering wildly through the strings of his harp, resembles poor Laura giving utterance, thus imperfectly, to her bewildered dreams.

When the somnambulic state becomes more intense, the voluntary muscles of the limbs are excited into action; the somnambulist rises; dresses himself; and in pursuing his dream-imagery, wanders about, or sits down steadily to execute some task, which, however difficult in his waking hours, he now accomplishes with facility. The condition of the body in a physiological point of view becomes now a solemn mystery; the eyes are open but insensible to light; the portals of the ears, also—but the report of a pistol will in some cases, not rouse the sense of hearing; the sense of smell, too, is frequently strangely altered, and that of taste likewise becomes perverted, or, perhaps, entirely suspended. The sensibility of the surface of the body is often remarkably impaired; and, for the time, partially, or entirely abolished. In the case of a female somnambulist described in "The Philosophy of Natural History," by Dr. Smellie, he tells us that, when she was in one of her paroxysms, he ran a pin repeatedly into her arm—but not a muscle moved, nor was any symptom of pain discoverable. Here we may observe an important and interesting fact, that, as a general principle, in proportion as the mind concentrates its powers and energizes itself within, the sensibility of the body diminishes. The soldier, in his excitement on the battle-field, feels not his wounds; he will faint from loss of blood before he knows that he has been "hit." The unconsciousness of danger is often the best protection against it. On looking down a precipice, a sense of apprehension instantly suggests itself; the nervous system recoils; the circulation of the blood within the brain on a sudden becomes irregular; dizziness ensues and a total loss of command over the voluntary muscles. Man is probably the only being in whom this occurs; the stag, the goat, the antelope, will gaze unmoved down the chasms of the deepest Alpine precipices. The dizziness which is felt on ascending an elevation, arises undoubtedly from mental alarm, which modifies the impressions received by the eye, which no longer correctly estimates the relations of distance. Accordingly we are told by Mr. Wilkinson in his "Tour to the British Mountains," that a blind man, who was the scientific and philosophic Mr. Gough, ascended with him to the summit of one of the Cumberland Mountains; and in walking along, he described to him the fearful precipices which he pretended surrounded him; but soon he repented his inventive picturesque description, for the blind man, mentally affected by the supposed peril of his situation, became suddenly dizzy, and screaming with the apprehension that he was tumbling down the rocks into the abyss below, fell upon the ground. In cases of sleep-walking upon dangerous heights, there is no apprehension or fear—the mind is intently absorbed in the object pursued; all the muscular movements are performed with confidence and with unerring precision; and under these circumstances the gravitation of the body is supported on the most slender basis.

One of the most curious and indeed inexplicable phenomena connected with somnambulism is, that persons in this condition are said to derive a knowledge of surrounding objects independent of the organs of the external senses. The Archbishop of Bordeaux attested the case of a young ecclesiastic, who was in the habit of getting up

during the night in a state of somnambulism, taking pen, ink, and paper, and composing and writing sermons. When he had finished one page he would read aloud what he had written, and correct it. In order to ascertain whether the somnambulist made any use of his eyes, the archbishop held a piece of pasteboard under his chin to prevent his seeing the paper upon which he was writing; but he continued to write on without being in the least degree incommoded. He also, in this state, copied out pieces of music, and when it happened that the words were written in too large a character, and did not stand over the corresponding notes, he perceived his error, blotted them out, and wrote them over again with great exactness. A somnambulist is mentioned by Gassendi, who used to dress himself in his sleep, go down into the cellar, draw wine from a cask, in perfect darkness —but if he awoke in the cellar, he had then a difficulty in groping his way through the passages back to his bedroom. The state of the eyes during somnambulism is found to vary considerably—they are sometimes closed—sometimes half closed—and frequently quite open; the pupil is sometimes widely dilated, sometimes contracted, sometimes natural, and for the most part insensible to light. This, however, is not always the case. The servant girl, whose case was so well described by Dr. Dyce, of Aberdeen, when this state was impending felt drowsy—a pain in the head, usually slight, but on one occasion very intense, then succeeded—and afterwards a cloudiness or mistiness came over her eyes. Occasionally her sensations were highly acute; the eyelids appeared shut, though not entirely closed; the pupils were much contracted, and there was great intolerance of light. She could not name objects when the light of the candle or fire shone fully on them, but pointed them out correctly in the shade, or when they were dimly illuminated. At other times, however, the pupil of the eye was quite insensible to light. Her feelings also appear to have been very excitable. During one of her paroxysms she was taken to church; attended to the service with every appearance of devotion, and was at one time so much affected by the sermon that she shed tears. The sensibility of the eye was also observed, in the case of Dr. Bilden; when a degree of light, so slight as not to affect the experimenter, was directed to the lids of this somnambulist, it caused a shock equal to that of electricity, and induced him to exclaim, "Why do you wish to shoot me in the eyes?" These are exceptions; as a general rule, the eye during somnambulism is insensible, and the pupil will not contract, though the most vivid flash of light be directed upon it. It also should be observed that although somnambulists will light a candle, it does not follow that they are guided by its light; or that they really see any thing by it. Their movements may still be purely automatic. This curious circumstance is finely illustrated by Shakspeare, who describes the Lady Macbeth walking in her sleep with a lighted taper in her hand:—

"*Gentleman.*—Lo, yon, here she comes: This is her very guise, and upon my life, fast asleep.
"*Doctor.*—How came she by that light?
"*Gentlewoman.*—Why it stood by her. She has light by her continually—'tis her command.
"*Doctor.*—You see her eyes are open—
"*Gentlewoman.*—Ay—but their sense is shut."

It is related of Negretti, a sleep-walker, that he would sometimes carry about with him a candle as if to give him light in his employment; but on a bottle being substituted, he took it and carried it, fancying that it was a candle. Castelli, another somnambulist, was found by Dr. Soane, translating Italian into French, and looking out the words in his dictionary. His candle being purposely extinguished, he immediately began groping about, as if in the dark, and although other candles were in the room, he did not resume his occupation until he had relighted his candle at the fire. In this case we may observe that he could not see, excepting with the candle he had himself lighted, and he was insensible to every other, excepting that on which his attention was fixed.

How are these curious anomalies to be explained? There is, it appears to us, a striking analogy between the actions as they are performed by the blind and those executed by somnambulists, who are insensible to light; the exaltation of the sense of touch, in blindness, is so great that some physiologists have conceived the existence of a *sixth* sense—the muscular sense—which communicates the impression before the actual

contact of objects. This muscular sense is supposed by Dr. Fowler, to adjust the voice, the eye, and the ear, to the distances at which sounds are to be heard, and objects seen. It may, perhaps, be described as a peculiar exaltation of the sense of feeling. A lady during her somnambulism, observed to Despine, her physician, "You think that I do not know what is passing around me; but you are mistaken. I see nothing; but I *feel* something that makes an impression on me, which I cannot explain." Another somnambulist, a patient of Hufeland, used to say invariably, "I feel"—"I am conscious" of this or that object. The blind girl, Jane Sullivan, described by Dr. Fowler, could, without a guide, feel her way to every part of the workhouse, and recognize all its inmates by the feel of their hands and clothes. It is said of Laura Bridgman, that she could, in walking through a passage, with her hands spread before her, recognize her companions, and could in this way distinguish even their different degrees of intellect; nay, that she would regard with contempt a new-comer, after discovering her weakness of mind. It has also been discovered, that the pupils in the Manchester Asylum for the Blind are aware, by this muscular sense, of their approach, even to a lamp-post, before actually coming against or up to it. May not the somnambulist walking through intricate passages and performing complicated manual operations in the dark have his movements guided by this sense? May he not, in like manner, be sensible of his approach to obstructing obstacles, and may not this sense, in a higher degree of development, lead to perceptions, which are ordinarily conveyed to the mind through their appropriate and respective organs?

The sense of hearing in somnambulism is not often suspended, for generally speaking, somnambulists will answer questions and carry on conversation; but it is remarkable that the same ear which may be deaf to the loudest noises, will perceive even a whisper from one particular person with whom the sleeper may alone appear to hold communion. In the "Transactions of the Medical Society" at Breslau, we meet with the case of a somnambulist who did not hear even the report of a pistol fired close to him. In another instance, that of Signor Augustin an Italian nobleman, his servants could not arouse him from his sleep by any description of noise—even blowing a trumpet in his ear. On the other hand, the same individual would, in another paroxysm, apply his ear to the key-hole of the door, and listen attentively to noises which he heard in the kitchen. The sense of smell, as we have observed, is frequently altered. Brimstone and phosphorus are said to have a pleasant scent to the somnambulist, but sometimes it appears completely abolished. In one case, a snuff-box filled with coffee, was given to a somnambulist, who took it as he would have taken snuff, without perceiving the difference. So also it is with taste. Some somnambulists have not been able to distinguish wine from water.

Another very remarkable circumstance has been observed in somnambulism; it is, that persons in this state have exhibited an extraordinary exaltation of knowledge. Two females mentioned by Bertrand, expressed themselves, during the paroxysms, very distinctly in Latin, although they afterwards admitted having an imperfect acquaintance with this language. An ignorant servant girl, described by Dr. Dewar, evinced an astonishing knowledge of astronomy and geography, and expressed herself in her own language in a manner which, though often ludicrous, showed an understanding of the subject. It was afterwards discovered that her notions on these subjects had been derived from hearing a tutor giving instructions to the young people of the family. A woman in the Infirmary of Edinburgh, on account of an affection of this kind, during her somnambulism, mimicked the manner of the physicians, and repeated correctly some of their prescriptions in the Latin language. Many of these apparent wonders are referable to the circumstance of old associations being vividly recalled to the mind; this very frequently happens also in the delirium of fever. There is nothing miraculous in such cases, although upon them are founded a host of stories descriptive of persons in their sleep speaking unknown languages, predicting future events, and being suddenly possessed of inspiration.

Not only are the mental powers intensified in this state, but the physical energies are unwontedly increased. Horstius relates the case of a young nobleman living

in the citadel of Breslau, who used to steal out of his window during his sleep, muffled up in a cloak, and by great muscular exertion, ascend the roof of the building where, one night, he tore in pieces a magpie's nest, wrapped up the little ones in his cloak, and then returned to bed; and, on the following morning, related the circumstance as having occurred in a dream, nor could he be persuaded of its reality until the magpies in the cloak were shown to him. In the "Bibliothèque de Médecine" we find the account of a somnambulist who got out of his bed in the middle of the night and went into a neighboring house which was in ruins, and of which the bare walls, with a few insecure rafters running between them, alone remained; nevertheless he climbed to the top of the wall, and clambered about from one beam to another without once missing his hold. It is affirmed that somnambulists will maintain their footing in the most perilous situations with perfect safety, so long as they remain in the state of somnambulism; but when they are disturbed or awakened in such positions, they are then taken by surprise, and instantly lose self-possession. A young lady was observed at Dresden walking one night in her sleep upon the roof of a house; an alarm being given, crowds of people assembled in the street, and beds and mattresses were laid upon the ground, in the hope of saving her life in case of her falling. Unconscious of danger, the poor girl advanced to the very edge of the roof, smiling and bowing to the multitude below, and occasionally arranging her hair and her dress. The spectators watched her with great anxiety. After moving along thus unconcernedly for some time she proceeded towards the window from which she had made her exit. A light had been placed in it by her distressed family; but the moment she approached it, she started, and suddenly awakening, fell into the street, and was killed on the spot. Upon this incident Bellini founded the charming opera of "La Somnambula."

The actions of the somnambulist are, doubtless, prompted and governed by those dream-impulses which the imaginary incidents passing through the sleeper's mind suggest. He is a dreamer able to act his dreams. This we learn from those exceptional cases in which the somnambulist, upon awaking, has remembered the details of his dreams; in illustration of which we find an anecdote, related with much vivacity, by Brillat-Savarin, in the "Physiology of Taste." The narrator is a M. Duhagel, who was the prior of a Carthusian monastery, and he thus tells us the story:—"We had in the monastery in which I was formerly prior, a monk of melancholic temperament and sombre character, who was known to be a somnambulist. He would sometimes, in his fits, go out of his cell and return into it directly; but at other times he would wander about, until it became necessary to guide him back again. Medical advice was sought, and various remedies administered, under which the paroxysms so much diminished in frequency, that we at length ceased to think about them. One night, not having retired to bed at my usual hour, I was seated at my desk occupied in examining some papers, when the door of the apartment, which I never kept locked, opened, and I beheld the monk enter in a state of profound somnambulism. His eyes were open, but fixed; he had only his night-shirt on; in one hand he held his cell lamp, in his other, a long and sharp-bladed knife. He then advanced to my bed, upon reaching which he put down the lamp, and felt and patted it with his hand to satisfy himself he was right, and then plunged the knife, as if through my body, violently through the bedclothes, piercing even the mat which supplied, with us, the place of a mattress. Having done this, he again took up his lamp and turned round to retrace his steps, when I observed that his countenance, which was before contracted and frowning, was lighted up with a peculiar expression of satisfaction at the imaginary blow he had struck. The light of the two lamps burning on my desk did not attract his notice; slowly and steadily he walked back, carefully opening and shutting the double door of my apartment, and quietly retired to his cell. You may imagine the state of my feelings while I watched this terrible apparition; I shuddered with horror at beholding the danger I had escaped, and offered up my prayers and thanksgiving to the Almighty; but it was utterly impossible for me to close my eyes for the remainder of the night.

"The next morning I sent for the somnambulist, and asked him, without any ap-

parent emotion, of what he had dreamt the preceding night? He was agitated at the question, and answered, 'Father—I had a dream, so strange, that it would give me the deepest pain were I to relate it to you.' 'But I command you to do so; a dream is involuntary; it is mere illusion,' said I; 'tell it me without reserve.' 'Father,' continued he, 'no sooner had I fallen asleep than I dreamt that you had killed my mother, and I thought her outraged spirit appeared before me, demanding satisfaction for the horrid deed. At beholding this, I was transported with such fury, that—so it seemed to me—I hurried, like a madman, into your apartment, and, finding you in bed there, murdered you with a knife. Thereupon I awoke in a fright, horrified at having made such an attempt, and then thanked God it was only a dream, and that so great a crime had not been committed.' 'The act has been committed,' I then observed, 'further than you suppose.' And thereupon I related what passed, exhibiting at the same time the cuts intended to be inflicted upon me which had penetrated the bedclothes; upon which the monk fell prostrate at my feet, weeping and sobbing, and imploring to know what act of penance I should sentence him to undergo. 'None; none!' I exclaimed. 'I would not punish you for an involuntary act; but I will dispense with your performing in the holy offices at night for the future; and I give you notice that the door of your cell shall be bolted on the outside when you retire, every evening, and not opened until we assemble to our family matins at break of day."

Here we may recur to the question with which we set out:—whether persons in somnambulism are partially awake, or in a state of unusually and preternaturally profound sleep? The phenomena we have above referred to—particularly those connected with the insensibility of the body and the organs of the senses—lead us to believe, that in somnambulism there is an increased intensity of sleep, producing an extreme degree of unconsciousness in regard to the physical organization, very similar to that which we find in hysterical, cataleptic, and many other nervous affections. The mental phenomena exhibited in this state are those connected with exaggerated dreams, and as the physiology of dreams is by no means well understood in the healthy state, still less can they be explained under the aspect of disease.

It may be asked, How somnambulism, being an affection likely to entail more serious diseases upon persons subject to it, is to be cured? When the general health is affected, the family doctor, we apprehend, will very speedily put an end to metaphysical mystery; but in young persons, even where it is hereditary, attention must be paid to diet, regimen, and a due amount of bodily exercise. The shower-bath has sometimes been found serviceable. It is thought, also, that it may be resisted by a strong effort of the will, inasmuch as in young persons, it has been suppressed by the fear of punishment; but this, on the other hand, may have a very contrary effect, disturbing and exciting, rather than composing the nervous system. In the North of Scotland the following plan is in some schools adopted. The youthful somnambulist is put to sleep in bed with a companion who is not affected, and the leg of the one boy is linked by a pretty long band of ribbon or tape to the leg of the other. Presently, the one disposed to ramble in his sleep gets out of bed, and, in so doing, does not proceed far before he awakens the non-somnambulist, who in resisting being dragged after him, generally throws the other down, which has the effect of awakening him. In this way, we have been assured that several such cases have been effectually cured. But is it always safe thus to awake a person during the paroxysm? Macnish relates the case of a lady who being observed walking in her sleep into the garden, one of the family followed her, and laying hold of her, awaked her, when the shock was so great that she fell down insensible, and shortly afterwards expired.

We feel satisfied that all sudden and abrupt transitions should be avoided. The state of sleep, apart from somnambulism, is one of natural repose; the organs of the body have their various functions appropriately modified; and we cannot help thinking that to interrupt abruptly the course of Nature, and throw, as it were, a dazzling light upon the brain, the functions of which are in abeyance, is unwise, and may prove injurious. Many persons suddenly awakened out of a deep sleep, complain afterwards of

severe headache. We conceive, therefore, that somnambulists, who may be considered in a state of preternaturally profound sleep, ought not to be forcibly awakened. It is true that some somnambulists, like the servant girl described by Doctor Fleming, above referred to, have been awakened without after ill consequence, but as a general rule, the nervous system ought not to be subjected to any rude or unnecessary shock. The management and treatment of the somnambulist, must, it is obvious, depend very much on age, sex, temperament, and upon the causes, in particular,—whether physical or mental,—to which the affection may be ascribed. The most interesting circumstance connected with somnambulism is that it brings palpably under our observation a preternatural state of being, in which the body is seen moving about, executing a variety of complicated actions, in the condition, physically, of a living automaton, while the lamp of the human soul is burning inwardly, as it were, with increased intensity; and this very exaltation of the mental faculties proves, incontestably, that the mind is independent of the body, and has an existence in a world peculiar to itself.

From the "Literary Gazette."

A FRENCH OBSERVER IN LONDON.

We select a few random quotations from a series of articles entitled "Les Anglais chez eux," now in course of publication in the *Musée des Familles*, a long-established and very popular periodical. The author is M. Fr. Wey, a gentleman of some note in the literary world, and, if we mistake not, a professor in one of the colleges at Paris. Thus he writes:—

On the English language:—

"The Englishman has invented for himself a language adapted to his placid manners and silent tastes. This language is a murmur accompanied by soft hissings; it falls from the lips, but is scarcely articulated; if the chest or throat be employed to increase the power of the voice, the words become changed and scarcely intelligible; if cried aloud, they are hoarse, and resemble the confused croaking of frogs in marshes."

Our women:—

"English women give to us the preference over their own countrymen. Our gallantry is something new to them, and our politeness touches their hearts. But though they love us, we are not liked by their lords and masters."

Ourselves:—

"English manners, rigid and cold, and dominated by arid rationalism, are the work of Cromwell. His bigotry and hypocrisy, his exterior austerity, his narrow formalism, suit the Englishman; he keeps up Cromwell's character, and admires himself in his usages. But he has no pity for his model—he never forgives Cromwell for having made him what he is. His spite towards that man is the last cry of nature, and the vague regret of a liberty of imagination of which neither the joys nor the aspirations have been known since his time."

How we judge Napoleon:—

"Public opinion has avenged the prisoner of St. Helena; but does it follow that in 1815 the English protested with sufficient energy against his imprisonment? No. Englishmen are naturally indifferent and indulgent as regards their foreign neighbors, so long as patriotism or private interest is not at stake. Napoleon was the most terrible of their enemies; he placed England within ten steps of bankruptcy, and seriously menaced national manufactures. Not possessed of military instinct, the English do not pretend to chivalrous generosity. On the fall of the Empire, caused by the implacable perseverance of coalitions, the nation remembered that the Hundred Days cost its government a million an hour, and so long as the deficit was not made up, their resentment underwent no diminution. But now if you celebrate his glory before them, they will not display hostility. You must not, however, touch the till of this tribe of tradesmen, or they will be your bitter enemies. And the proof that they are nothing but shopkeepers is that their first functionary sits in a gilded arm chair on a wool-sack."

Our taverns:—

"The Englishman likes to be alone, even at the tavern. He fastens himself up in a box, where none can see him. There he drinks with taciturn phlegm. He takes tea, boiling grog, porter of the color of ink, and beer not less black. He is very fond of brandy, and drinks large glasses of it at a draught. He does not go the tavern to amuse himself, but because drinking is a grave occupation. The more he swallows, the calmer he is. One can however scarcely decide if his obstinate moroseness be a precaution against drunkenness, or the effect of spirituous liquors taken in excess. At some of the taverns are three gentlemen, dressed in black, with white cravats, who sing after one of them has struck the table with a little hammer; they are as serious as Protestant ministers or money-changers."

After midnight:—

"At midnight the English leave the taverns, the public gardens, the theatres, and the open-air balls, and fill the supper saloons, (not very reputable places,) and the oyster rooms, where they eat till morning. After sunrise, the policemen are occupied in picking up in the gutters drunkards of both sexes, and all conditions."

Eating:—

"They eat at every hour, everywhere, and incessantly. The iron constitution of their complaisant stomachs enable them to feed in a manner which would satisfy wolves and lions. The delicate repast of a fair and sentimental young lady would be too much for a couple of Parisian street porters."

Titles:—

"One of my friends gave me a letter of introduction to Sir William P——, *Esquire*. I left the letter with my card at the Reform Club, Pall Mall. Two hours after Sir William came to my residence; but as I was not at home he wrote a line, and addressed it to me with the flattering designation of *Esquire*. England is the country of legal equality; but this sort of equilibrium does not extend to social usages; and although our *penchant* for distinctions seems puerile to the English, it would be easy to prove that they are not exempt from it. They have not, as we have, the love of uniforms, laced coats, epaulettes, or decorations; their button-holes often carry a flower, but never a rosette or knot of ribbon. But every body pretends to the title of *Sir*, which was formerly reserved exclusively to members of the House of Commons, to Baronets, and to some public functionaries. As, however, the title *Sir* has become too vulgar, every body calls himself *Esquire* to distinguish himself from his neighbor. This remark, nevertheless, does not concern my friend Sir William, for he is really an Esquire."

Fish sauces:—

"Their taste resembles that of a display of fireworks, swallowed when blazing."

Resemblance of Englishmen one to another:—

"All Englishmen are alike. They live in the same way, are subject to the same logical rules, condemned to the same amusements. The proof that there exists only one character amongst them, and that they have only one way of living, is, that it is impossible, on seeing them, to divine their profession. A lord, a minister, a domestic, a street singer, a merchant, an admiral, a soldier, a general, an artist, a judge, a prizefighter, and a clergyman, have all the same appearance, the same language, the same costume, and the same bearing. Each one has the air of an Englishman, and nothing more. They live in the same way, work at the same hours, eat at the same time, and of the same sort of food, and are all sequestrated when away from the society of women."

After a good deal of sarcasm at the numerous statues to Wellington, this sneer at English admiration of Waterloo:—

"The trumpet of Waterloo which has been sounded in London everywhere incessantly, and in every tone, during thirty-five years, diminishes the grandeur of the English nation. This intoxication seems that of a people who, never having won more than one battle, and despairing to conquer a second time, cannot recover from their surprise, nor bear in patience an unhoped-for glory."

Omnibuses:—

"The omnibuses of London are worn out, ill-built, and remarkably dirty. Even in wet weather nobody is ever allowed to enter the interior so long as any places are vacant outside. We had expected to find them built of mahogany and lined with velvet."

Bankers:—

"In France we have the love of display; but in London it is not so. There, some of the principal bankers go every morning to the butchers' shops to buy their own chops, and they carry them ostensibly to some tavern in Cheapside or Fleet-street, where they cook them themselves. Then they buy three pennyworth of rye-bread, and publicly eat this Spartan breakfast. The exhibition fills their clients with admiration. But in the evening these good men make up for this by taking in their own palaces suppers worthy of Lucullus."

The Lord Mayor:—

"His powers are very extensive. Nothing is more respected than his privileges. His place is marked in all public solemnities. He wears a grand costume, with gold-lace on every seam, like a French marshal; and he has a large cloak covered with fur. In ordinary times he distributes justice under the portico of his palace. His principal officer is the Recorder, who is nominated by him for life."

Delicate refreshments:—

"Before entering the Tunnel we went into a tavern for refreshment. We drank, standing at the bar, and took sheeps' trotters, half raw, which a woman presented to us on an iron fork, with some salt in a paper."

At Her Majesty's Theatre:—

"To go with a blue cravat is *shocking*. When the doors are open, blows with the fist and elbow are given without regard to age or sex. It is the peculiar fashion of entering which the natives have. If a Frenchman be recognized the people cry *French dog*. In the pit, the man behind you will place his foot on your shoulder

(*sic.*) The ladies are plunged up to the neck in boxes. In the theatre there is an echo, which produces an abominable effect; but such is the vile musical taste of the English that they have never found it out. In the saloon you hear the continual hissing of tea-kettles."

Soldiers:—

"The noise which announces their approach is very singular. Picture to yourself the monotonous music of a bear's dance, executed by twenty fifers, whilst a man beats a big drum. The coats of the infantry are too short, and are surmounted with large white epaulettes. The men sway their bodies about to the beating of the drum, and carry their heads so stiffly that they appear to be balancing spoons on their noses. All the officers and non-commissioned officers carry long sticks with ivory handles."

At Westminster Abbey:—

"Shakspeare slumbers at a few steps from Richard II. The tombs bear traces of Presbyterian mutilations; but in other places the Calvinists scattered the bones of the deceased Bishops of Geneva, (*sic.*) Such is the intolerance of the Protestants that they have not admitted the statue of Lord Byron to the Abbey, and his shadow may be heard groaning at the door."

The Parliament:—

"The House of Commons at present meet in a hole. The peers are in their new chamber. It is small, not monumental, and heavily ornamented. It reminds one of our tea-shops, or a *boudoir*. The lords, when assembled, are generally placed on their backs, or rather lean on the back of the neck, and keep their legs above their heads. The Queen's throne, like constitutional loyalty, is a gilded cage."

What most strikes a Frenchman in London:—

"The coldness of the men towards the fair sex, and their profound passion for horses."

The National Gallery:—

"A frightful monument."

Stables and museums:—

"Stables are clean and brilliant as museums ought to be; and the museums are as filthy as stables in Provence."

London:—

"London, wholly devoted to private interests, offers nothing to the heart or mind. The city is too large; a man is lost in it; you elbow thousands of people without the hope of meeting any one you know. Even if you have a large fortune you would be ignored. Originality is there without effect; vanity without an object; and the desire of shining is chimerical. Intelligence has therefore only one opening, politics; pride only one object, the national sentiment; but as the people must feel enthusiasm for something, they adore horses; and as they must admire somebody, they burn incense under Lord Wellington's nose."

The statue of Wellington on the triumphal arch:—

"It is an indecent caricature of the old Duke, and the English themselves cannot see it without laughing. It was erected because the Duke could only see himself as Achilles from his bedroom window, and it was necessary for his comfort that he should be able to contemplate himself from his dining and drawing-rooms also. On seeing it an old officer, who fought at Waterloo, cried, 'We are avenged at last!'"

Officers of the life and horse guards:—

"Cupid seems to have chosen them—they are possessed of such ideal beauty."

The New Houses of Parliament:—

"They are an immense architectural plaything, and the English only admire them because they cost a vast sum."

The Queen's stables:—

"They form a college of horses, with pedantic grooms for professors, and a harness-room for a library."

A fact for Shakspeare's biographers:—

"Shakspeare knew French perfectly well, and wrote it better than French poets."

London rain:—

"It is tallow melted in water, and perfectly black."

Private carriages:—

"There are eighty thousand of them at London, and every body who has one, has an income of at least 60,000 francs, (2,400*l.*)

Dresses of the ladies:—

"Many white gowns are to be seen. White is a *recherché* luxury in that land of tallow and smoke, where linen becomes dirty in three hours. However, good taste is making some progress. Ladies may be met with who are well dressed, although, generally speaking, a sort of audacity is displayed in wearing the most irreconcilable colors. What gives English women a somewhat *bizarre* appearance, is the custom they have of swelling out their petticoats, by means of circles of whalebone or iron:—this causes them to resemble large bells in movement."

Beauty of English women:—

"There is no exaggeration in all that has been said of the beauty of English women—an assemblage of them would realize the paradise of Mahomet."

The French at London:—

"At London the French labor under two subjects of anxiety caused by their national prejudices. Accustomed to consider themselves as the first people in the world, to dazzle some, to despise others, and to display everywhere the confident pride of their supremacy, they, on treading the British soil, experience the impression of a greatness not borrowed from them; they are astonished at finding a people as remarkable as ours, as original as we are, and carrying to a still prouder degree the sentiment of their pre-eminence. Then our countrymen become disquieted: the intolerance of their national faith becomes mitigated; they are ill at ease, and for the first time in their lives feel constraint. Ceasing to believe themselves amongst slaves as in Italy, amongst vassals as in Belgium, or amongst innkeepers as in Switzerland or Germany, they endeavor to resemble sovereigns visiting other sovereigns, and by forced politeness render them involuntary homage."

The feeling of the English towards the French:—

"They honor us with a marked attention, though they are indifferent to the rest of mankind. Our opinions respecting them cause them anxiety. They either admire us enthusiastically, or disparage us bitterly; but, in reality, they are obsequious and servile towards us!"

Ginger-beer:—

"The fashionable drink at London is ginger-beer. It has the taste of lemonade seasoned with cayenne pepper. It is a compound of sugar, Seidlitz water, and ginger—the latter is a combustible material. This refreshing drink scorches your palate."

There is a good deal more in M. Wey's work equally curious, equally rigid in point of fact, and equally profound in philosophical observation; but we are compelled to pass it over. It must, however, be mentioned, that in order to make his readers fully acquainted with the "English at home," our worthy author brings the aid of illustrations to his text; and amongst his illustrations we observe, not without surprise, Wilkie's famous "Rent Day" figuring as a specimen of the "Mœurs Commerciales" of London! There is also an engraving, copied from one of our pictorial newspapers, of Saint Paul's Cathedral filled to excess for some grand religious ceremony—most probably the annual assemblage of the charity children: but what does the reader think this print is made to represent? Positively, a meeting of the Reform Club!

From "Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine."

SCENES AT MALMAISON.

The Palace of Malmaison, though not built on a large scale, became, with the additions afterwards made, a most princely residence. The hall, the billiard-room, the reception-rooms, the saloon, dining-room, and Napoleon's private apartment, occupied the ground-floor, and are described as having been very delightful. The gallery was appropriated to the noblest specimens of the fine arts; it was adorned with magnificent statuary by Canova and other celebrated artists, and the walls were hung with the finest paintings. The pleasure-grounds, which were Josephine's especial care, were laid out with admirable taste; shrubs and flowers of the rarest and finest growth and the most delicious odors were there in the richest profusion. But there is an interest far deeper than the finest landscape, or the most exquisite embellishments of art, could ever impart—an interest touchingly associated with the precincts where the gifted and renowned have moved, and with the passions and affections, the joys and sorrows by which they were there agitated. It is, indeed, an interest which excites a mournful sympathy, and may awaken salutary reflection. Who, indeed, could visit Malmaison without experiencing such?

The vicissitudes experienced by some individuals have been so strange, that had they been described in a romance, it would have lost all interest from their improbability; but occurring in real life, they excite a feeling of personal concern which for ever attaches to the name with which they are associated. Of this, the eventful life of Napoleon furnishes a striking example. There cannot be found in the range of history one who appears to have identified himself so much with the feelings of every class and every time; nay, his manners and appearance are so thoroughly impressed on every imagination, that there are few who do not rather feel as if he were one whom they had seen, and with whom they had conversed, than of whom they had only heard and read. Scarcely less checkered than his, was the life of Josephine: from her early days she was destined to experience the most unlooked-for reverses of fortune; her very introduction to the Beau-

harnais family and connection with them, were brought about in a most unlikely and singular manner, without the least intention on her part, and it ultimately led to her being placed on the throne of France. The noble and wealthy family of Beauharnais had great possessions in the West Indies, which fell to two brothers, the representatives of that distinguished family; many of its members had been eminent for their services in the navy, and in various departments. The heirs to the estates had retired from the royal marine service with the title of *chefs d'escadre*. The elder brother, the Marquis de Beauharnais, was a widower, with two sons; the younger, the Vicomte de Beauharnais, had married Mademoiselle Mouchard, by whom he had one son and two daughters. The brothers, warmly attached to each other from infancy, wished to draw still closer the bonds which united them, by the marriage of the Marquis's sons with the daughters of the Vicomte; and with this view, a rich plantation in St. Domingo had never been divided. The two sisters were looked on as the affianced brides of their cousins; and when grown up, the elder was married to the elder son of the Marquis, who, according to the prevalent custom of his country, assumed the title of Marquis, as his brother did that of Vicomte. M. Renaudin, a particular friend of the Beauharnais, undertook the management of their West Indian property. The Marquis, wishing to show some attention in return for this kindness, invited Madame Renaudin over to Paris, to spend some time. The invitation was gladly accepted; and Madame Renaudin made herself useful to her host by superintending his domestic concerns. But she soon formed plans for the advancement of her own family. With the Marquis's permission, she wrote to Martinique, to her brother, M. Tacher de la Pagerie, to beg that he would send over one of his daughters. The young lady landed at Rochefort, was taken ill, and died almost immediately. Notwithstanding this unhappy event, Madame did not relinquish the project which she had formed, of bringing about a union between the young Vicomte and a niece of her own. She sent for another;—and *Josephine* was sent. When the young creole arrived, she had just attained her fifteenth year, and was eminently attractive; her elegant form and personal charms were enhanced by the most winning grace, modesty, and sweetness of disposition. Such fascinations could not have failed in making an impression on the young man with whom she was domesticated. His opportunities of becoming acquainted with his cousin were only such as were afforded by an occasional interview at the grating of the convent, where she was being educated; so no attachment had been formed; and he fell passionately in love with the innocent and lovely Josephine. She was not long insensible to the devotion of a lover so handsome and agreeable as the young Vicomte. Madame Renaudin sought the good offices of an intimate friend, to whose influence with the young man's father she trusted for the success of her project. In a confidential interview the lady introduced the subject—spoke of the ardent attachment of the young people, of the charms of the simple girl who had won his son's heart, and urged the consideration of the young man's happiness on his father, assuring him it rested on his consent to his marriage with Josephine. The Marquis was painfully excited; he loved his son tenderly, and would have made any sacrifice to insure his happiness; but his affection for his brother, and the repugnance which he felt, to fail in his engagement to him, kept him in a state of the most perplexing uneasiness. At length, stating to his brother how matters stood, he found that he had mortally offended him; so deeply, indeed, did he resent the affront, that he declared he could never forget or forgive it —a promise too faithfully kept.

The affection and confidence of a whole life were thus snapped asunder in a moment. The Vicomte insisted on a division of the West Indian property; and, with feelings so bitterly excited, no amicable arrangement could take place, and the brothers had recourse to law, in which they were involved for the rest of their days.

The marriage of the young people took place, and the youthful Mademoiselle Tacher de Pagerie became Vicomtesse de Beauharnais.

It is said that her husband's uncle took a cruel revenge for the disappointment, of which she had been the cause, by awakening suspicion of the fidelity of Josephine in the mind of her husband. The distracting

doubts he raised made his nephew wretched; to such a degree was his jealousy excited, that he endeavored, by legal proceedings, to procure a divorce; but the evidence he adduced utterly failed, and after some time, a reconciliation took place.

The uncle died, and his daughter had in the mean time married the Marquis de Baral. So all went well with the young couple. They met with the most flattering reception at court. The Vicomte, who was allowed to be the most elegant dancer of his day, was frequently honored by being the partner of the Queen. And as to Josephine, she was the admired of all admirers; she was not only considered one of the most beautiful women at court, but all who conversed with her were captivated by her grace and sweetness. She entered into the gayeties of Versailles with the animation natural to her time of life and disposition.

But the sunshine of the royal circle was, ere long, clouded, and the gathering storm could be too well discerned; amusement was scarcely thought of. The States-General assembled, and every thing denoted a revolutionary movement.

Josephine was an especial favorite with the Queen; and in those days, dark with coming events, she had the most confidential conversations with her; all the fears and melancholy forebodings which caused the Queen such deep anxiety were freely imparted to her friend. Little did Josephine think, while sympathizing with her royal mistress, that she would herself rule in that court, and that she, too, would be a sufferer from the elevation of her situation. Her husband, the Vicomte de Beauharnais, was then called to join the army, as war had been unexpectedly declared. He distinguished himself so much that he attained the rank of general. But in the midst of his successful career, he saw the danger which was impending, and he could perceive that not only were the days of Louis's power numbered, but he even feared that his life was not safe. His fears were unhappily fulfilled; and he himself, merely on account of belonging to the aristocracy, was denounced by his own troops, and deprived of his commission by authority, arrested, brought to Paris, and thrown into prison. It was during his imprisonment that the Vicomte had the most affecting proofs of the attachment of Josephine: all the energies of her mind and of her strong affection were bent on obtaining his liberty; no means she could devise were left untried; she joined her own supplications to the solicitations of friends, to whom she had appealed in her emergency; she endeavored, in the most touching manner, to console and cheer him. But the gratification of soothing him by her presence and endearments was soon denied, for she was seized, and taken as a prisoner to the convent of the Carmelites. A few weeks passed, and the unfortunate Vicomte was brought to trial, and condemned to death by the revolutionary tribunal. Though natural tears fell at thoughts of parting from his wife and children, and leaving them unprotected in the world, his courage never forsook him to the last.

When the account of his execution reached Josephine she fainted away, and was for a long time alarmingly ill. It was while in prison, and every moment expecting to be summoned before the revolutionary tribunal, that Josephine cut off her beautiful tresses, as the only gift which she had to leave her children, for all the family estates in Europe had been seized, and the destruction of property at St. Domingo had cut off all supplies from that quarter. Yet amidst her anxieties, her afflictions, and her dangers, her fortitude never forsook her, and her example and her efforts to calm them, to a degree supported the spirits of her fellow-prisoners. Josephine herself ascribed her firmness to her implicit trust in the prediction of an old negress which she had treasured in her memory from childhood. Her trust, indeed, in the inexplicable mysteries of divination was sufficiently proved by the interest with which she is said to have frequently applied herself during her sad hours of imprisonment to learn her fortune from a pack of cards. Mr. Alison mentions, that he had heard of the prophecy of the negress in 1801, long before Napoleon's elevation to the throne. Josephine herself, Mr. Alison goes on to say, narrated this extraordinary passage in her life in the following terms:—

"One morning the jailer entered the chamber where I slept with the Duchesse d'Aiguillon and two other ladies, and told me he was going to take my mattress, and give it to another prisoner.

"'Why,' said Madame Aiguillon, eagerly,

'will not Madame de Beauharnais obtain a better one?'

"'No, no,' replied he, with a fiendish smile, 'she will have no need of one, for she is about to be led to the Conciergerie, and then to the guillotine.'

"At these words my companions in misfortune uttered piercing shrieks. I consoled them as well as I could; and at length, worn out with their eternal lamentations, I told them that their grief was utterly unreasonable; that I not only should not die, but live to be queen of France.

"'Why, then, do you not name your maids of honor?' said Madame Aiguillon, irritated at such expressions, at such a moment.

"'Very true,' said I, 'I did not think of that. Well, my dear, I make you one of them.'*

"Upon this the tears of the ladies fell apace, for they never doubted I was mad; but the truth was, I was not gifted with any extraordinary courage, but internally persuaded of the truth of the oracle.

"Madame d'Aiguillon soon after became unwell, and I drew her towards the window, which I opened, to admit through the bars a little fresh air. I then perceived a poor woman who knew us, and who was making a number of signs, which I could not at first understand. She constantly held up her gown (*robe*); and seeing that she had some object in view, I called out *robe;* to which she answered *yes.* She then lifted up a stone, and put it into her lap, which she lifted a second time. I called out *pierre.* Upon this she evinced the greatest joy at perceiving that her signs were understood. Joining then the stone to her robe, she eagerly imitated the motion of cutting off the head, and immediately began to dance and evince the most extravagant joy.

"This singular pantomime awakened in our minds a vague hope that possibly Robespierre might be no more.

"At this moment, while we were vacillating between hope and fear, we heard a great noise in the corridor, and the terrible voice of our jailer, who said to his dog, giving him a kick, 'Get in, you cursed Robespierre.'"

This speech told them they were saved.

Through the influence of Barras, a portion of her husband's property, in which Malmaison was included, was restored to Josephine. In this favorite abode she amused herself in exercising her taste in the embellishment of the grounds, and in the pursuit of botany; but her chief enjoyment was in the society and instruction of her children, to whom she was passionately attached. Their amiable dispositions and their talents were a source of the most exquisite pleasure to her, not, however, unmingled with regret at finding herself without the means of conferring on them the advantages of which they were so deserving. However, a better time was to come. Madame Tallien, and several of Josephine's friends, after a time, prevailed on her to enter into society, and the fair associates became the principal ornaments of the dictatorial circle. Through their influence revolutionary manners were reformed, and all the power which their charms and their talents gave them was exerted in the cause of humanity.

Napoleon's acquaintance with Josephine arose from the impression made on him by her son Eugene Beauharnais, then a little boy. He came to request that his father's sword, which had been delivered up, might be restored to him. The boy's appearance, the earnestness with which he urged his request, and the tears which could not be stayed when he beheld the sword, interested Napoleon so much in his favor, that not only was the sword given to him, but he determined to become acquainted with the mother of the boy. He visited her, and soon his visits became frequent. He delighted to hear the details which she gave of the court of Louis.

"Come," he would say, as he sat by her side of an evening, "now let us talk of the old court—let us make a tour to Versailles." It was in these frequent and familiar interviews that the fascinations of Josephine won the heart of Napoleon. "She is," said he, "grace personified—every thing she does is with a grace and delicacy peculiar to herself."

The admiration and love of such a man could not fail to make an impression on a woman like Josephine. It has been said, that it was impossible to be in Napoleon's company without being struck by his personal appearance; not so much by the exquisite symmetry of his features, and the

* Josephine might afterwards have fulfilled this promise, had not Madame d'Aiguillon been a divorced wife, which excluded her from holding any situation about the Empress.

noble head and forehead, which have furnished the painter and the sculptor with one of their finest models; nor even by the meditative look, so indicative of intellectual power; but the magic charm was the varying expression of countenance, which changed with every passing thought, and glowed with every feeling. His smile, it is said, always inspired confidence. "It is difficult, if not impossible," so the Duchess of Abrantes writes, "to describe the charm of his countenance when he smiled;—his soul was upon his lips and in his eyes." The magic power of that expression at a later period is well known. The Emperor of Russia experienced it when he said, "I never loved any one more than that man." He possessed, too, that greatest of all charms, an harmonious voice, whose tones, like his countenance, changing from emphatic impressiveness to caressing softness, found their way to every heart. It may not have been those personal and mental gifts alone which won Josephine's heart; the ready sympathy with which Napoleon entered into her feelings may have been the greatest charm to an affectionate nature like hers.

It was in the course of one of those confidential evenings that, as they sat together, she read to him the last letter which she had received from her husband: it was a most touching farewell. Napoleon was deeply affected; and it has been said that that letter, and Josephine's emotion as she read it, had a powerful effect upon his feelings, already so much excited by admiration.

Josephine soon consented to give her hand to the young soldier of fortune, who had no dower but his sword. On his part, he gave a pledge that he would consider her children as his own, and that their interests should be his first concern. The world can testify how he redeemed his pledge! To his union with Josephine he declared he was indebted for his chief happiness. Her affection, and the interchange of thought with her, were prized beyond all the greatness to which he attained. Many of the little incidents of their every-day life cannot be read without deep interest—evincing, as they do, a depth of affection and tenderness of feeling which it is difficult to conceive should ever have been sacrificed to ambition. They visited together the prison where Josephine had passed so many dreary and sad hours. He saw the loved name traced on the dank wall, by the hand which was now his own. She had told him of a ring, which she had fondly prized; it had been the gift of her mother. She pointed out to him the flag under which she had contrived to hide it. When it was taken from its hiding-place and put into her hand, her delight enchanted Napoleon. Seldom have two persons met whose feelings and whose tastes appeared more perfectly in unison than theirs, during the *happy* days of their wedded life. The delight which they took in the fine arts was a source of constant pleasure; and in their days of power and elevation, it was their care to encourage artists of talent. Many interesting anecdotes are related of their kind and generous acts towards them. In Josephine's manner of conferring favors there was always something still more gratifying than the advantage bestowed—something that implied that she entered into the feelings of those whom she wished to serve. She had observed that M. Turpin, an artist who went frequently to Malmaison, had no conveyance but an almost worn-out cabriolet, drawn by a sorry horse. One day, when about to take his leave, he was surprised to see a nice new vehicle and handsome horse drawn up. His own arms painted on the panels, and stamped on the harness, at once told him they were intended for him; but this was not the only occasion on which Josephine ministered to the straitened means of the painter. She employed him in making a sketch of a Swiss view, while sitting with her, and directed him to take it home, and bring the picture to her when finished. She was delighted with the beautiful landscape which he produced, and showed it with pleasure to every visitor who came in. The artist no doubt felt a natural gratification at finding his fine work appreciated. Josephine then called him aside, and put the stipulated price in bank-notes into his hand.

"This," said she, "is for your excellent mother; but it may not be to her taste; so tell her that I shall not be offended at her changing this trifling token of my friendship, and of the gratification which her son's painting has given me, for whatever might be more acceptable."

As she spoke, she put into his hand a diamond of the value of six thousand francs.

Josephine attended Napoleon in many of

his campaigns. When she was not with him, he corresponded regularly with her, and no lover ever wrote letters more expressive of passionate attachment.

"By what art is it," he says, in one of them, "that you have been able to captivate all my faculties. It is a magic, my sweet love, which will finish only with my life. To live for Josephine is the history of my life. I am trying to reach you. I am dying to be with you. What lands, what countries separate us! What a time before you read these lines!"

Josephine returned her husband's fondness with her whole heart. Utterly regardless of privation and fatigue, she was ever earnest in urging him to allow her to accompany him on all his long journeys; and often, at midnight, when just setting out on some expedition, he has found her in readiness.

"No, love," he would say, "No, no, love, do not ask me; the fatigue would be too much for you."

"Oh no," she would answer; "No, no."

"But I have not a moment to spare."

"See, I am quite ready;" and she would drive off, seated by Napoleon's side.

From having mingled in scenes of gayety from her earliest days, and from the pleasure which her presence was sure to diffuse, and perhaps, it may be added, from a nature singularly guileless, that could see no evil in what appeared to her but as innocent indulgences, she was led into expenses and frivolous gratifications which were by no means essential for a mind like hers. Dishonest tradesmen took advantage of her inexperience and extreme easiness, and swelled their bills to an enormous amount; but her greatest, and far most congenial outlay, was in the relief of the distressed. She could not endure to deny the petition of any whom she believed to be suffering from want; and this tenderness of heart was often imposed on by the artful and rapacious. Those who, from interested motives, desired to separate her from Napoleon, felt a secret satisfaction in the uneasiness which her large expenditure occasionally gave him. To their misrepresentations may be ascribed the violent bursts of jealousy by which he was at times agitated; but he was ever ready to perceive that there was no foundation to justify them. It was during one of their separations, that the insinuations of those about Napoleon excited his jealousy to such a degree, that he wrote a hasty letter to Josephine, accusing her of *coquetry*, and of evidently preferring the society of men to those of her own sex.

"The ladies," she says, in her reply, "are filled with fear and lamentations for those who serve under you; the gentlemen eagerly compliment me on your success, and speak of you in a manner that delights me. My aunt and those about me can tell you, ungrateful as you are, whether *I have been coquetting with any body.* These are your words, and they would be hateful to me, were I not certain that you see already they are unjust, and are sorry for having written them"

Napoleon's brothers strove to alienate his affections from Josephine; but the intense agony which he suffered when suspicion was awakened, must have proved to them how deep these affections were. Perhaps no trait in Josephine's character exalts it more than her conduct to the family who had endeavored to injure her in the most tender point. She often was the means of making peace between Napoleon and different members of his family with whom he was displeased. Even after the separation which they had been instrumental in effecting, she still exerted that influence which she never lost, to reconcile differences which arose between them. Napoleon could never long mistrust her generous and tender feelings, and the intimate knowledge of such a disposition every day increased his love; she was not only the object of his fondest affection, but he believed her to be in some mysterious manner connected with his destiny; a belief which chimed in with the popular superstition by which she was regarded as his good genius,—a superstition which took still deeper hold of the public mind when days of disaster came, whose date commenced in no long time after the separation. The apparently accidental circumstance by which Josephine had escaped the explosion of the infernal machine was construed by many as a direct interposition of Providence in favor of *Napoleon's Guardian Angel.*

It was just as she was stepping into her carriage, which was to follow closely that of the First Consul into the theatre, that General Rapp, who had always before appeared utterly unobservant of ladies' dress,

remarked to Josephine, that the pattern of the shawl did not match her dress. She returned to the house, and ran up to her apartment to change it for another;—the delay did not occupy more than three minutes, but they sufficed to save her life. Napoleon's carriage just cleared the explosion; had Josephine's been close behind, nothing could have saved her. In the happy days of love and confidence, Malmaison was the scene of great enjoyment: the hand of taste could be discerned in all its embellishments. Napoleon preferred it to any other residence. When he arrived there from the Luxemburg or the Tuileries, he was wild with delight, like a school-boy let loose from school,—every thing enchanted him, but most of all, perhaps, the chimes of the village church bells. It may have been partly owing to the associations which they awakened. He would stop in his rambles if he heard them, lest his footfall should drown the sound—he would remain as if entranced, in a kind of ecstasy, till they ceased. "Ah! how they remind me of the first years I spent at Brienne!"

Napoleon added considerably to the domain of Malmaison by purchasing the noble woods of Butard, which joined it. He was in a perfect ecstasy with the improvement; and, in a few days after the purchase was completed, proposed that they should all make a party to see it. Josephine put on her shawl, and, accompanied by her friends, set out. Napoleon, in a state of enchantment, rode on before; but he would then gallop back, and take Josephine's hand. He was compared to a child who, in the eagerness of delight, flies back to his mother to impart his joy.

Nothing could be more agreeable than the society at Malmaison. Napoleon disliked ceremony, and wished all his guests to be perfectly at their ease. All his evenings were spent in Josephine's society, in which he delighted. Both possessed the rare gift of conversational powers. General information and exquisite taste were rendered doubly attractive by the winning manners and sweet voice of Josephine. As for Napoleon, he appeared to have an intuitive knowledge on all subjects. He was like an inspired person when seen amidst men of every age, and all professions. All thronged round the pale, studious-looking young man —feeling that "he was more fitted to give than to receive lessons." Argument with him almost invariably ended by his opponent going over to his side. His tact was such that he knew how to select the subject for discussion on which the person with whom he conversed was best informed; and thus, from his earliest days, he increased his store of information, and gave infinite pleasure by the interest which he took in the pursuits of those whom chance threw in his way. The delightful flow of his spirits showed how much he enjoyed the social evenings. He amused his guests in a thousand ways. If he sat down to cards, he diverted them by pretending to cheat, which he might have done with impunity, as he never took his winnings. He sometimes entertained them with tales composed on the moment. When they were of ghosts and apparitions, he took care to tell them by a dim light, and to prepare them by some solemn and striking observation. Private theatricals sometimes made the entertainment of the evening. Different members of Napoleon's family, and several of the guests, performed. The plays are described as having been acted to an audience of two or three hundred, and going off with great effect—every one, indeed, endeavored to acquit themselves to the best of their ability, for they knew they had a severe critic in Napoleon.

The amiable and engaging manners of Napoleon and Josephine gave to Malmaison its greatest charm. The ready sympathy of Josephine with all who were in sorrow, or any kind of distress, endeared her to every one. If any among her domestics were ill, she was sure to visit the sick-bed, and soothe the sufferer by her tenderness. Indeed, her sympathy was often known to bring relief when other means had failed. She was deeply affected by the calamity of M. Decrest. He had lost his only son by a fatal accident. The young man had been on the eve of marriage, and all his family were busy in making preparations for the joyful occasion, when news of his death was brought. The poor father remained in a state of nearly complete stupor from the moment of the melancholy intelligence. All attempts to rouse him were unavailing. When Josephine was made acquainted with his alarming state, she lost not a moment in

hurrying to him; and leading his little daughter by the hand, and taking his infant in her arms, she threw herself, with his two remaining children, at his feet. The afflicted man burst into tears, and nature found a salutary relief, which saved his life. In such acts Josephine was continually engaged. Nothing could withdraw her mind from the claims of the unfortunate. Her tender respect for the feelings of others was never laid aside; and with those who strove to please her she was always pleased. On one occasion, when the ladies about her could not restrain their laughter at the discordant music made by an itinerant musician, who had requested permission to play before her, she preserved a becoming gravity, and encouraged, and thanked and rewarded the poor man. "He did his best to gratify us," she said, when he was gone; "I think it was my duty not only to avoid hurting his feelings, but to thank and reward him for the trouble which he took to give pleasure."

Such were the lessons which she impressed upon her children. She often talked with them of the privations of other days, and charged them never to forget those days amidst the smiles of fortune which they now enjoyed.

Josephine saw with great uneasiness the probable elevation of the First Consul to the throne. She felt that it would bring danger to him and ruin to herself; for she had discernment enough to anticipate that she would be sacrificed to the ambition of those who wished to establish an hereditary right to the throne of the empire. Every step of his advancing power caused her deep anxiety. "The real enemies of Bonaparte," she said to Raderer, as Alison tells, "the real enemies of Bonaparte are those who put into his head ideas of hereditary succession, dynasty, divorce, and marriage. I do not approve the projects of Napoleon," she added. "I have often told him so. He hears me with attention; but I can plainly see that I make no impression. The flatterers who surround him soon obliterate all I have said." She strove to restrain his desire of conquest, by urging on him continually a far greater object—that of rendering France happy by encouraging her industry and protecting her agriculture. In a long letter, in which she earnestly expostulates with him on the subject, she turns to herself in affecting terms: "Will not the throne," she says, "inspire you with the wish to contract new alliances? Will you not seek to support your power by new family connections? Alas! whatever these connections may be, will they compensate for those which were first knit by corresponding fitness, and which affection promised to perpetuate?" So far, indeed, from feeling elated by her own elevation to a throne, she regretted it with deep melancholy. "The assumption of the throne" she looked on as "an act that must ever be an ineffaceable blot upon Napoleon's name." It has been asserted by her friends that she never recovered her spirits after. The pomps and ceremonies, too, attendant on the imperial state, must have been distasteful to one who loved the retirement of home, and hated every kind of restraint and ostentation.

From the time that Napoleon became emperor he lavished the greatest honors on the children of Josephine. Her daughter Hortense received the hand of Louis Bonaparte, and the crown of Holland. Eugene, his first acquaintance of the family and especial favorite, obtained the rank of colonel, and was adopted as one of the imperial family; and the son of Hortense and Louis was adopted as heir to the throne of France. The coronation took place at Notre Dame, with all the show and pomp of which the French are so fond. When the papal benediction was pronounced, Napoleon placed the crown on his head with his own hands. He then turned to Josephine, who knelt before him, and there was an affectionate playfulness in the manner in which he took pains to arrange it, as he placed the crown upon her head. It seemed at that moment as if he forgot the presence of all but her. After putting on the crown, he raised it, and placing it more lightly on, regarded her the while with looks of fond admiration. On the morning of the coronation, Napoleon had sent for Raguideau, the notary, who little thought that he had been summoned into the august presence to be reminded of what had passed on the occasion of their last meeting, and of which he had no idea the emperor was in possession. While Napoleon had been paying his addresses to Josephine, they walked arm-in-arm to the notary's, for neither of them could boast of a carriage. "You are a great fool," replied the notary to Josephine, who had just com-

municated her intention of marrying the young officer—"you are a great fool, and you will live to repent it. You are about to marry a man who has nothing but his cloak and his sword." Napoleon, who was waiting in the antechamber, overheard these words, but never spoke of them to any one. "Now," said Napoleon, with a smile, addressing the old man, who had been ushered into his presence—"now, what say you, Raguideau—have I nothing but my cloak and sword?" The empress and the notary both stood amazed at this first intimation that the warning had been overheard.

The following year, the magnificent coronation at Milan took place, surpassing, if possible, in grandeur that at Paris. Amidst the gorgeousness of that spectacle, however, there were few by whom it was not forgotten in the far deeper interest which the principal actors in the scene inspired. Amidst the blaze of beauty and of jewels, and the strains of music by which he was surrounded, what were the feelings of Napoleon, as he held within his grasp the iron crown of Charlemagne, which had reposed in the treasury of Monza for a thousand years, and for which he had so ardently longed. Even at that moment when he placed it on his own head, were the aspirings of the ambitious spirit satisfied? or were not his thoughts taking a wider range of conquest than he had yet achieved? And for her who knelt at his feet, about to receive the highest honor that mortal hands can confer—did the pomp and circumstance of that scene, and the glory of the crown, satisfy her loving heart? Ah, surely no! It was away in the sweet retirement of Malmaison—amidst the scenes hallowed by Napoleon's early affection. And how few years were to elapse ere the crown just placed on the head of Josephine was to be transferred to another?—when the place which she—the loving and beloved—occupied by her husband's side was to be filled by another? Though doubts had arisen in her mind—though she knew the influence of those who feared the sceptre might pass into the hands of another dynasty—still, the hope never forsook her, that affection would triumph over ambition, till Napoleon himself communicated the cruel determination. With what abandonment of self she was wont to cast her whole dependence on Napoleon, may be seen in a letter addressed to Pope Pius VII. In it she says: "My first sentiment—one to which all others are subservient—is a conviction of my own weakness and incapacity. Of myself I am but little; or, to speak more correctly, my only value is derived from the extraordinary man to whom I am united. This inward conviction, which occasionally humbles my pride, eventually affords me some encouragement, when I calmly reflect. I whisper to myself, that the arm under which the whole earth is made to tremble, may well support my weakness."

Hortense's promising child was dead; Napoleon and Josephine had shed bitter tears together over the early grave of their little favorite, and there was now not even a nominal heir to the throne. The machinations of the designing were in active motion. Lucien introduced the subject, and said to Josephine that it was absolutely necessary for the satisfaction of the nation that Napoleon should have a son, and asked whether she would pass off an illegitimate one as her own. This proposal she refused with the utmost indignation, preferring any alternative to one so disgraceful.

On Napoleon's return from the battle of Wagram, Josephine hastened to welcome him. After the first warm greetings and tender embraces, she perceived that something weighed upon his mind. The restraint and embarrassment of his manner filled her with dread. For fifteen days she was a prey to the most cruel suspense, yet she dreaded its termination by a disclosure fatal to her happiness. Napoleon, who loved her so much, and who had hitherto looked to her alone for all his domestic felicity, himself felt all the severity of the blow which he was about to inflict. The day at length came, and it is thus affectingly described by Mr. Alison:—

"They dined together as usual, but neither spoke a word during the repast; their eyes were averted as soon as they met, but the countenance of both revealed the mortal anguish of their minds. When it was over, he dismissed the attendants, and approaching the empress with a trembling step, took her hand, and laid it upon his heart. 'Josephine,' said he, 'my good Josephine, you know how I have loved you; it is to you alone that I owe the few mo-

ments of happiness I have known in the world. Josephine, my destiny is more powerful than my will; my dearest affections must yield to the interests of France.'

"'Say no more,' cried the empress. 'I expected this; I understand and feel for you, but the stroke is not the less mortal.' With these words she uttered piercing shrieks, and fell down in a swoon.

"Doctor Corvisart was at hand to render assistance, and she was restored to a sense of her wretchedness in her own apartment. The emperor came to see her in the evening, bnt she could hardly bear the emotion occasioned by his appearance."

Little did Napoleon think, when he was making a sacrifice of all the "happiness which he had known in the world," that the ambitious views for which it was relinquished would fade away ere five years ran their course. What strange destinies do men carve out for themselves! what sacrifices are they ever making of felicity and of real good, in the pursuit of some phantom which is sure to elude their grasp! How many Edens have been forfeited by madness and by folly, since the first pair were expelled from Paradise!

It was not without an effort on her part to turn Napoleon from a purpose so agonizing to them both, that Josephine gave up all hope. In about a month after the disclosure, a painful task devolved on the imperial family. The motives for the divorce were to be stated in public, and the heart-stricken Josephine was to subscribe to its necessity in presence of the nation. In conformity with the magnanimous resolve of making so great a sacrifice for the advantage of the empire, it was expedient that an equanimity of deportment should be assumed. The scene which took place could never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. Napoleon stood pale and immovable as a statue, showing in the very stillness of his air and countenance a deep emotion. Josephine and Hortense alone appeared divested of every ornament, while those about them sparkled in all the splendor of court costume. Every eye was directed to Josephine, as with slow steps she reached the seat which had been prepared for her. She took it with her accustomed grace, and preserved throughout a dignified composure. Hortense stood weeping behind her chair, and poor Eugene was nearly overcome by agitation, as the act of separation was read; Napoleon declared that it was in consideration of the interests of the monarchy and the wishes of his people that there should be an heir to the throne, that he was induced "to sacrifice the sweetest affections of his heart." "God knows," said he, "what such a determination has cost my heart." Of Josephine he spoke with the tenderest affection and respect. "She has embellished fifteen years of my life; the remembrance of them will be for ever engraven on my heart."

When it was Josephine's turn to speak, though tears were in her eyes, and though her voice faltered, the dignity of all she uttered impressed every one who was present. "I respond to all the sentiments of the emperor," she said, "in consenting to the dissolution of a marriage which henceforth is an obstacle to the happiness of France, by depriving it of the blessing of being one day governed by the descendants of that great man, evidently raised up by Providence to efface the evils of a terrible revolution, and restore the altar, the throne, and social order. I know," she went on to say, "what this act, commanded by policy and exalted interests, has cost his heart; but we both glory in the sacrifice which we make to the good of our country. I feel elevated by giving the greatest proof of attachment and devotion *that ever was given upon earth.*"

It was not till Josephine heard the fatal words which were to part her from the object of her affection for ever, that her courage seemed for a moment to forsake her; but hastily brushing away the tears that forced their way, she took the pen which was handed to her, and signed the act; then taking the arm of Hortense, and followed by Eugene, she left the saloon, and hurried to her own apartment, where she shut herself up alone for the remainder of the day.

It is well known that, notwithstanding the courage with which the imperial family came forward before the public on this occasion, they gave way to the most passionate grief in private. Napoleon had retired for the night, and had gone to his bed in silence and sadness, when the private door opened, and Josephine appeared. Her hair fell in wild disorder, and her countenance bore the impress of an incurable grief. She advan-

ced with a faltering step; then paused; and bursting into an agony of tears, threw herself on Napoleon's neck, and sobbed as if her heart were breaking. He tried to console her, but his own tears fell fast with hers. A few broken words—a last embrace—and they parted. The next morning, the whole household assembled to pay the last tribute of respect to a mistress whom they loved and revered. With streaming eyes, they saw her pass the gates of the Tuileries, never to return.

The feeling with which Josephine took up her residence at Malmaison, amidst the scenes so dear to her, may be conceived; but, true to the wishes of the emperor, and to the dictates of her own elevated mind, she bore up under her trying situation with exemplary dignity; but grief had done its part; and no one could look into her face, or meet the sweet melancholy smile with which she welcomed them, without being moved. Happy days, which she had enjoyed amidst these scenes with many of those who waited on her, were sadly contrasted with her forlorn feelings; and though she strove to speak cheerfully, and never complained, the tears which she tried to check or to conceal would sometimes force their way. The chief indulgence which she allowed her feelings was during those hours of the day when she shut herself up alone in Napoleon's cabinet—that chamber where so many moments of confidential intercourse had passed, and which she continued to hold so sacred, that scarcely any one but herself ever entered it. She would not suffer any thing to be moved since Napoleon had occupied it. She would herself wipe away the dust, fearing that other hands might disturb what he had touched. The volume which he had been reading when last there lay on the table, open at the page at which he had last looked. The map was there, with all his tracings of some meditated route; the pen which had given permanence to some passing thought lay beside it; articles of dress were on some of the chairs; every thing looked as if he were about to enter.

Even under the changed circumstances which brought Josephine back to Malmaison, her influence over Napoleon, which had been always powerful, was not diminished. No estrangement took place between them. His visits to her were frequent, though her increased sadness was always observed on those days when he made them. They corresponded to the last moment of her life. The letters which she received from him were her greatest solace. It is thus she alludes to them in writing to him:—"Continue to retain a kind recollection of your friend; give her the consolation of occasionally hearing from you, that you still preserve that attachment for her which alone constitutes the happiness of her existence."

The nuptials of Napoleon and Marie Louise took place a very short time after the divorce was ratified. Whatever the bitter feeling of Josephine might have been, they were not mingled with one ungenerous or unjust sentiment. No ill-feeling towards the new empress was excited in her bosom by the rapturous greetings with which she was welcomed on her arrival. "Every one ought," said she, "to endeavor to render France dear to an empress who has left her native country to take up her abode among strangers."

But however elevated above all the meaner passions, the affections of Josephine had received a wound from which they could never return, and she found it essential for any thing like peace of mind to remove from scenes of former happiness. She retired to a noble mansion in Navarre, the gift of Napoleon; and as he had made a most munificent settlement on her, she was able to follow the bent of her benevolent mind, and to pass her time in doing good. So far from feeling any mortification on the birth of his son, she unfeignedly participated in the gratification which the emperor felt, and she ever took the most lively interest in the child. She was deeply affected when his birth was announced to her, and retired to her chamber to weep unseen; but no murmur mingled with those natural tears.

It is rare to meet an example of one like Josephine, who has escaped the faults which experience tells us beset the extremes of destiny. In all the power and luxury of the highest elevation, no cold selfishness ever chilled the current of her generous feelings; for in the midst of prosperity her highest gratification was to serve her fellow-creatures, and in adverse circumstances, unspited at the world, such was still her sweetest solace. She was, indeed, so wonderfully sustained throughout all the changes

and chances of her eventful life, that it needs no assurance to convince us that she must have sought for support beyond this transitory scene.

She employed the peasantry about Navarre in making roads and other useful works. Ever prompt in giving help to those in want, she chanced to meet one of the sisters of charity one day, seeking assistance for the wounded who lay in a neighboring hospital. Josephine gave large relief, promised to put all in train to have her supplied with linen for the sick, and that she would help to prepare lint for their wounds. The petitioner pronounced a blessing on her, and went on her way, but turned back to ask the name of her benefactress; the answer was affecting—"*I am poor Josephine.*"

There can be no doubt but that Napoleon's thoughts often turned with tenderness to the days that he had passed with Josephine. Proof was given of an unchanging attachment to her, in the favors which he lavished on those connected with her by relationship or affection. Among her friends was Mrs. Damer, so celebrated for her success in sculpture. She had become acquainted with her while she was passing some time in Paris. Charmed by Josephine's varied attractions, she delighted in her society, and they became fast friends; when parting, they promised never to forget each other. The first intimation which Mrs. Damer had of Josephine's second marriage was one day when a French gentleman waited on her; he was the bearer of a most magnificent piece of porcelain and a letter, with which he had been charged for her by the wife of the First Consul. Great was her astonishment, when she opened the letter, to find that it was indeed from the wife of the First Consul; no longer Viscountess de Beauharnais, but her dear friend Josephine, who urged her, with all the warmth of friendship, to pay her an immediate visit at Paris. "I do long," she added, "to present my husband to you." Such a tempting invitation was gladly accepted, and she was received with joy by Napoleon and Josephine. In after years, she constantly recalled to mind the pleasures of that visit, with mingled feelings of melancholy and delight. The domestic scene left a lasting impression. Napoleon, always so fascinating in conversation, made himself delightfully agreeable to her: he loved to talk with her of her art; and his originality, enthusiasm, and taste gave an interest to every thing he said. He had a great admiration for Fox, and expressed a wish to have his bust. When Mrs. Damer next visited Paris, she brought Fox's bust, but Josephine's place was occupied by another. The emperor saw her, and met her with all the cordiality and kindness which the recollection of former happy days, and her attachment to Josephine, were sure to inspire. At parting, he gave her a splendid snuff-box, with his likeness set in diamonds. The box is now in the British Museum.

It was in her retirement at Navarre that Josephine wept bitterly over the falling fortunes of Napoleon. The Russian expedition caused her such deep inquietude that her health and spirits visibly declined; she saw in it a disastrous fate for Napoleon, and trembled, too, for the safety of Eugene, a son so dearly and so deservedly beloved, and who was, if possible, rendered still more precious as the special favorite of Napoleon, and as having been the means of introducing him to her. Josephine now scarcely joined her ladies, but would remain for the length of the day alone in her chamber, by the large travelling-desk which contained Napoleon's letters. Among these there was one that she was observed to read over and over again, and then to place in her bosom; it was the last that she had received; it was written from Brienne. A passage in it runs thus: "On revisiting this spot, where I passed my youthful days, and contrasting the peaceful condition I then enjoyed with the state of terror and agitation to which my mind is now a prey, often have I addressed myself in these words: I have sought death in numberless engagements, I can no longer dread its approach; I should now hail it as a boon. Nevertheless, I could still wish to see Josephine once more—" He again adds: "Adieu, my dear Josephine; never dismiss from your recollection one who has never forgotten, and never will forget, you."

It would be needless to dwell on the rapid events which led to Napoleon's abdication, but it would be impossible, even in this imperfect sketch, not to be struck by the strange coincidences of Josephine's life,—twice married—twice escaped from a violent death—twice crowned—both husbands sought for a divorce—one husband was exe-

ecuted—the other banished! One of Napoleon's first cares, in making his conditions when he abdicated, was an ample provision for Josephine; £40,000 per annum was settled on her.

It was after Napoleon's departure from the shores of France that the Emperor Alexander, touched with admiration of Josephine's character, and with pity for her misfortunes, prevailed on her to return to Malmaison to see him there. The associations so linked with the spot that she had loved to beautify must, indeed, have been overpowering. It was there that Napoleon's passionate attachment to her was formed. How many recollections must have been awakened by the pleasure-grounds adorned with the costly shrubs and plants which they had so often admired *together;* how many tears had afterwards fallen among them when the hours of separation came. The Emperor Alexander used every effort to console her, and promised his protection to her children, but sorrow had done its part, and the memories of other times had their effect. Josephine fell sick; malignant sore throat was the form which disease took, during the fatal illness of but a few days. Alexander was unremitting in his attentions; he again soothed the dying mother by the renewal of his promise of care for her children, a promise most faithfully kept. It was in the year 1814 that Napoleon left France for Elba, and also that Josephine died. The bells to which they had loved to listen together tolled her funeral knell. Her remains rest in the parish church of Ruel, near Malmaison. They were followed to the place of interment by a great number of illustrious persons who were desirous of paying this parting token of respect to one so much loved and honored. Upwards of eight thousand of the neighboring peasantry joined the funeral procession to pay their tribute of affection and veneration to her, who was justly called, "*the mother of the poor and distressed.*" The tomb erected by her children marks the spot where she takes her "long last sleep." It bears the simple inscription—

EUGENE ET HORTENSE A JOSEPHINE.

Napoleon, too, paid a parting visit to the residence which he had preferred to every other. After his unsuccessful attempt to resume the sovereignty of France, he spent six days at Malmaison to muse over departed power and happiness, and then left the shores of France for ever!

From "Eliza Cook's Journal."

THE GOLD-MAN.

I HAVE sometimes regretted that the discovery of the metallic riches of California did not occur during my wild excursion in the woods and prairies of Texas. I was then little more than a boy, and having been one of a party which started to go overland from Galveston to New York, only prevented by a wound in my foot, I should certainly have started off to the diggings, *via* Santa Fe, or the Rocky Mountains, as the case might be. Not that I should have gone gold hunting; it is not my vocation. Not having a very clearly defined notion of the relative value of a sovereign and a shilling, I should scarcely have gone poking about like a geologist for the quartz-embedded metal, nor should I have much coveted the position of a man whose whole day is spent in groping in the earth, with wondrous nature around and the blue sky above, to admire. Besides, I am afflicted by weak sight, a hereditary complaint which descends to me from my father, and like the Bayard Taylor donkey which mistook a Yankee speculator's red hair for swamp hay, should have lived in continual apprehension of mistaking bright stones for gold, and hill-side flowers for rich veins.

But I should like much to have started with the first settlers and miners, to have shared their travelling adventures, their hair-breadth escapes, and wondrous but exciting trials, and practically to have let them discern at a future period that a "chiel" had been among them taking notes. The first burst of the golden rumor reached me in Paris, and fell coldly on my ear. I had been five years away from Texas, and over head and ears in the excitement of European revolutions, and the changes almost hourly occurring in that city of wonders, which Frenchmen fondly indicate to be the capital of the world, a place, the site of which, in the ideas of warm patriots, seems to have a great power of locomotion.

My interest in every thing American, however, caused me to watch with interest,

after a while, the phases of the great event which is destined to have such a vast influence on the future of the whole civilized world—for good, if education progress, and the gentler arts advance with increased wealth—for evil, if the mad hunt for mere lucre check the advance of enlightenment, the only thing which enables us rightly to use temporal advantages. For some time, however, my attention was only attracted like that of all men who watch the history of their own time. It is only within a very short time that the affair has taken a more personal and immediate interest.

My head-quarters in Europe have for some time been Paris, a city for which I have a weakness. During the autumn of last year, I received a ticket for a ball to which no persons were admitted except in naval uniform. It was for a charitable purpose, and I originally declined going; a party of English ladies, however, whom I knew, wished to attend and requested me to escort them. I resolved magnanimously to change my previous resolution and be present. My first difficulty was a uniform. I had no inclination to have a suit made for the occasion, and I had a decided objection to hiring one from a masquerade shop. Suddenly I recollected that I had a relic of my erratic life in Texas, in the shape of a lieutenant's suit of blue. It was old and the worse for wear, but it was genuine, and could, on a pinch, be furbished up to pass muster for a night. Accordingly, on the evening in question I found myself under the covered way leading to the Jardin d'Hiver, a party of ladies under my guidance, waiting for a crowd of persons before me to pass ere I braved the crush. My friends had just announced to me that the moment was opportune, when I noticed a dashing equipage draw up. I was about to turn away when my eye was arrested by the sight of a young man wearing precisely the same dress as myself, only perfectly new, who, leaping out of the dashing *coupé*, gave his arm to a young lady of great beauty, and followed in my track. I had scarcely time to notice his own start of unfeigned astonishment at the sight of a Texas navy coat, and then I was compelled to enter the precincts of the gay and brilliant scene.

But already had I forgotten this ball; my mind was carried back several years, to another ball given in Galveston harbor, on board the dismasted brig, by a set of joyous, thoughtless young officers, whose doubtful prospect of a next day's dinner rendered them not a whit less merry. For my own part I had long ceased to think of my privations and sufferings in Texas, to remember only its bright side, and I answered the admiring remarks of my companions but carelessly, as I lived over once more in memory, days which are always pleasant when past, especially when belonging to our first essays in manhood. My friends sat down in a convenient spot, and I left them awhile to look after my strange *sosia*. In an instant we were face to face. He, too, was alone; he also had left his female companion, and was evidently in search of me.

"Impossible!" cried he; "no, it cannot be."

"Walter Bruce," exclaimed I, as I recognized a quondam lieutenant of the San Bernard schooner.

"Well," said he, "I expect this is extraordinary and pleasant too. We parted on the deck of the New York steamer, bound from Galveston to New Orleans, and here we meet in Paris, to all appearance, in the identical clothes we wore on that day."

I passed my arm through his, scarcely able to speak, and we moved along a few yards in silence.

"What are you doing here," he said, after a short pause, "quill driving, I suppose? I have been told you have written considerable yarns about Texas since you returned to Europe."

"Yes, my dear fellow," replied I, "I am now an author. That is my business, profession, or calling; and you?"

"Oh, I? Why I've been to California since I saw you, and I'm now on the look out for a place in old Europe, where to pitch my tent. But come along, I must introduce you to my wife. I have often talked of you to her. You recollect that MS. volume of tales of mine, which I scribbled on board the Jim Bowie, and which you corrected and revised for me? She has them. But here she is."

I was then hastily introduced to a very lovely young woman, about twenty years of age, whose peculiar complexion and hair at once pronounced her to be a Mexican, of the mixed race of Spaniards and Indians. She

received me with the frank heartiness of her nation, and when I alluded to my not being alone, proposed to join my party. This was readily agreed upon, and as my adventures in Texas have always, I fear, to the sorrow of some of my patient friends, formed an endless topic of conversation, the union proved interesting and agreeable. The fair-haired and blue-eyed English girls, who composed the juvenile section of my companions, formed a pleasing contrast to the Mexican beauty, and the rest of the evening was spent in company.

Next morning I found myself at the breakfast-table of Walter Bruce, who occupied splendid apartments looking out on a fashionable boulevard. All around him bespoke opulence and wealth; his servants, his residence, his equipages were in a style of almost oriental splendor, and I could not refrain from remarking on the wonderful change in his fortunes which had taken place since the day when we lived in a state of semi-starvation on board the old guard-ship in the port of Galveston.

He smiled, and promised to explain the whole affair to me, even at the risk of appearing in print. "For," said he, "if I do narrate my adventures, you will not be able to resist the temptation."

After breakfast we drew our chairs near the fire, smoked the pipe of peace, which more than any thing else carried me back to my old life, and while Mrs. Bruce went out to make some calls, frankly did my ex-comrade in danger and difficulty relate his adventures and history.

I.

When Walter Bruce left me, he was on his way to join two vessels of the Texan republic, lying in New Orleans harbor, which had been ordered down to Sisal, to assist the republic of Yucatan against the parent state of Mexico. It would require more space than I can here devote to the subject, to narrate all my friend's adventures until he found himself one fine morning transferred from the deck of a man-of-war to the counting-house of a merchant in Vera Cruz, a change which, however inglorious it may sound, was really very advantageous. Bruce had originally been educated for the bar, as had I, and like myself abandoned quiet and settled life to wander in Texas, carried away by the details of her heroic struggle with Mexico. But an American is generally fit for any thing, and Walter Bruce soon captivated the confidence of Messrs. Morris and Franklin his employers. They had counters in the city of Mexico, at Mazatlan, and traded with California, whence they drew hides and tallow, the very humble but useful product of that now gold-exporting region.

One day, about three months after the entrance of Bruce into the service of Messrs. Morris and Franklin, the resident partner of Vera Cruz called the young man into his private office. Walter Bruce presented himself, and was requested to sit down.

"Mr. Bruce," said the merchant, opening a letter which lay before him, "I am in a slight difficulty, to get out of which I require the assistance of one in whom not only we have confidence, but who is disposed to undertake for the house a task of some delicacy and nicety."

"I am completely at your service," replied the young man.

"Our counter in California is managed by an old Mexican, about whom we know very little, but who has always been very honest and correct in his dealings. He resided much in the United States when young, but for the last twenty years has inhabited California. In this letter he expresses a wish to retire from business. He even hints at approaching death, and strongly urges us to send some one to him in whom we have confidence, to wind up his accounts, and to receive from him some deposit of which he speaks in terms of considerable ambiguity. I have determined to acquiesce in his wishes, and if you have no objection, I should desire you, Mr. Bruce, to be the agent for this purpose."

"You wish me to go to California?" said Bruce, quietly.

"Exactly. Frankly, we have every reason to be pleased with you, and I know none of our young men to whom I should confide this task with so much pleasure."

"I am exceedingly grateful for your good opinion, Mr. Morris, and I am quite ready to start at the earliest opportunity."

The merchant seemed much pleased at this prompt decision, and entered at once into fuller details with regard to his mission. He was to journey by land to Mazatlan,

thence by a trading schooner to San Francisco Bay, and after settling the affairs of the counter, to leave there one Jacob Willis, a plodding old clerk, who was selected to replace the Mexican.

Three days later, Walter Bruce, furnished with credentials, with money, and accompanied by Jacob Willis, took his place in the stage bound for Mexico city. The journey was interesting and delightful, and the young man began his progress with feelings of extreme delight. He was of a romantic and impressionable nature; travelling was with him a passion, and the ground over which he had to travel, though now well known to the reading public, was to him new and full of charms. The splendor of Orizaba peak, the delights of Jalapa, the plains of Perote, Popocatapeti, the grand and sublime scenery of the country in general, its varied phases of wild and soft and fertile nature filled him with satisfaction, and created a source of endless reflection for the future. And then Mexico city and its wondrous and vast valley, its lakes and hills, its curious manners and primitive people, were all ever-renewing subjects of observation. But he stayed not by the way. His orders were to proceed with the utmost rapidity. His companion and himself were well armed, for they had to go through the robber region, itself a fertile source of excitement; but at last dangers and difficulties were past and they arrived at Mazatlan, glad to rest their weary limbs in the hospitable house of Mr. Riley, the agent at that port, one of the most picturesque on the Pacific, and reminding one of the East and of Spain, with its cream-colored houses, its heavy-arched entrances and cool court-yards within, its massive cornices and large-balconied windows.

Walter Bruce took a few days to rest and refresh himself after his journey, the more readily that the schooner which was to convey him to San Francisco Bay was not yet quite loaded with its varied freight. Besides, it was necessary that Jacob Willis should receive some insight into the nature of the constant transactions which took place between Mazatlan and the agent in California. At length, however, all was ready, and the young man and his old associate went on board the scudder, bound for California. The journey presented the usual varieties, but nothing worthy of particular notice; and at the end of a somewhat wearisome voyage, during which the young man rather astonished the skipper and crew by his nautical experience, they entered the magnificent bay of California, and anchored a short distance from the land.

This is not the place to enter into any minute description of localities. My friend, Walter Bruce, had little to do on the coast. The counter managed by the old Mexican was up the country, and thither he immediately prepared to journey. The distance was not great, but it had to be performed on horseback, with an Indian for a guide, while a train of mules were to take up the supply of goods which were to replenish the store. Bruce made his preparations with the utmost rapidity. During his long journey his curiosity had become much excited, and he was anxious to see the man about whom Mr. Morris had told him enough to let him see that he was an original and singular character.

It was a fine morning in autumn when Walter Bruce and his little caravan started towards the foot hills of the Sierra Nevada, where was situated the little settlement of Pablo Rittera, the name of the Mexican in question. The weather without being very warm was dry and pleasant; and as the Indian guide knew the road well, the way presented little difficulty. The first night the camp was pitched in a grove of evergreen oaks, which formed an agreeable shelter. Walter Bruce, after supper, got into conversation with the Indian, who was communicative and well-informed. At length he asked him questions about Pablo. The Indian looked uneasily around as if he feared to be overheard, and then muttered a few words scarcely intelligible.

"You know him?" said Walter, with some anxiety.

"Yes; Pablo medicine man—great mystery—not good talk much about him."

"Indeed! I am very anxious to know him."

"Him Gold-Man; he knows all the secrets of the hill—rich, like ten chiefs"

"Gold-Man!" cried Walter, still more excited, "who gave him that name?"

"Indians. White man laugh; but Indian know hills full of gold—no use to poor Indian, but white man god; and Pablo know all about it."

"Has Pablo found any gold, then?"

"He no want gold. He medicine man—live without work—live without money."

"He seems to be a regular Californian magician," mused Walter, but this idea of the Indians is absurd. A man who had discovered gold would not have remained up here so quiet. I suppose the eccentric old fellow has frightened the Indians for fear of their proving troublesome. "Does he live alone?" asked he, once more addressing the guide.

"He got plenty servants, and one girl bright as sun and moon, two eyes like stars—great beauty!"

"Ah, ah!" cried Walter, warmly, "this, doubtless, is the precious deposit of which he speaks, and which I shall have to escort back to Vera Cruz."

And speculating on the agreeable prospect of charming female society during his journey home, Walter, somewhat fatigued by the day's journey, soon fell asleep.

For several days the march was continued through a country of varied character, until at last, about twelve o'clock one morning, the caravan reached the mouth of a secluded and picturesque valley, through which rushed a small stream, that about a mile off was blended with the waters of a larger river.

"Pablo Sancho," said the guide, sententiously—pointing up the valley.

Walter Bruce dashed eagerly forward. A marked trail led in the direction of the settlement, which in a few minutes came in sight. A narrow ledge of land lay between the river and a huge precipitous rock, and on this the house inhabited by Pablo was situated. It was built against the cliff itself, which seemed, indeed, to bear its whole weight. It was of rather large dimensions, but still did not serve all the purposes of the settlement, for about fifty yards distant lay a number of smaller huts. As Walter came in sight, a young girl who had been standing at the threshold of the door of the principal block, hurried in, and very soon returned with a man. By this time the traveller was at the door, and had time to take a hasty survey of his new acquaintance while dismounting.

II.

The man was about sixty, with a thin, hard, wrinkled face, small, gray, piercing eyes, a heavy white beard growing almost all over his face, and withal a worn and suffering air, which was sufficiently painful. A look of suspicion, too, hung over every feature, but Walter Bruce scarcely noticed him, so taken was he by the charms of the young girl beside him.

She was a dark-eyed Mexican, of about sixteen years of age, with long curling hair, a mouth which would have delighted a Phidias or a Raphael, teeth white as snow, and a graceful, elegant form, which the young man thought he had never seen equalled. She wore the picturesque costume of a Mexican woman of the middle classes, in strong contrast to the coarse, dusky, and common habiliments of the man who stood beside her.

"Welcome, stranger," said the man, in a feeble voice. "What brings you into these remote parts?"

"I come from Messrs. Morris and Franklin, of Vera Cruz," replied Walter Bruce, "and but precede my caravan by a few hundred yards."

"Enter!" said the old man, with considerable animation, a ray of pleasure illumining his features, "Guadalupe, go bid Maria prepare a repast."

The young girl moved towards the distant huts, and Walter Bruce followed Pablo into the outer apartment of the house. It was a large and almost naked room, which usually contained the goods that formed the matter of barter with the traders of the district. The two men sat down by a huge German stove, that served to diffuse warmth through the warehouse, and Walter at once handed his letters to the agent. The old man took them, put on his spectacles, and read them carefully. Every now and then he raised his looks from the papers, as if to muse on their contents, but in reality to scrutinize with a curious eye their bearer.

"You are warmly recommended by Messrs. Morris and Franklin," said he, presently, speaking in pure English. Have you been long in their employment?"

"Three months when I left Vera Cruz."

"Three months—short time to learn a man's character in."

"Messrs. Morris and Franklin have thought it quite sufficient to give me their entire confidence," observed Walter, a little haughtily.

"Don't be hasty, young man," said Pablo, gravely, "I doubt not you are deserving of their regard; but I have been used to the world, and have been made perhaps over suspicious by circumstances."

"From the moment, that in any transaction, I have the full approval of my employers, I suppose that relieves you from all responsibility."

"Certainly—certainly—as far as their business is concerned—but here comes the caravan, and breakfast. We can resume our conversation in the evening."

When breakfast was over, Pablo retired to an inner room to study his letters, and to prepare instructions for Jacob Willis, his successor. He left Walter to the care of Guadalupe. The young people were at an age when acquaintances are rapidly made. The girl had never before been thrown into the society of an educated man, while Walter had rarely been placed in a position since the commencement of his adventurous career, to study so closely the female character. Influenced by the excitement of the journey, by the romantic circumstances of his position, Walter Bruce was before evening deeply in love, while had the young girl questioned her own heart it is probable she might have made a similar discovery.

After dinner Pablo expressed a wish to be alone with his daughter and Walter. He was very pale and excited, and when he took them into an inner apartment sunk on a chair under the excess of his emotion.

"Mr. Bruce," said he gravely, after a short pause, "I am compelled to be abrupt and brief. My daughter has been kept hitherto in the dark as to the cause of my sending to Messrs. Morris and Franklin. I am devoured by an internal disease and have not many days to live."

"Father!" cried the girl.

"Silence, child, and listen. Remain up here you cannot, and this is why I begged my employers to send a trusty person to me. Mr. Bruce, I have examined carefully the letters sent me, and they satisfy me completely. I begged them to send a young man, if possible, free from all ties of affection. There is no time for delicacy of feeling or hesitation. Do you think it probable, after one day's acquaintance that you could be happy with my daughter for your wife?"

"Sir," cried Walter Bruce warmly, "I have this day learned to believe in those sudden passions which carry us away in an instant beyond all the calculations of reason. I love your daughter."

"This is better than I expected. And now, young man, close that door, and listen to me. Are you willing to take her portionless and without fortune?"

"I am young, in health, and able to work," said Walter, who was vainly endeavoring to catch the eyes of the blushing and puzzled beauty.

"Enough. Walter Bruce, you see before you the richest heiress in America. Surrounded by her children, I had hoped myself to enjoy fortune and its favors. But I have waited too long and I shall never leave this place. Young man, in this country you tread on gold as you walk. The whole land is one mass of mineral riches. But I alone know it. For twenty years I have toiled in secret, at first for myself, then for my child. The knowledge of what lay around me made me greedy, and the more I collected the more I wanted! Come."

The old man, whose eyes flashed with an unearthly glare, seized the lamp off the table, took a key from his breast, and bade them follow. He went a few yards down a passage, and then opened a thick door. He entered with the young couple, who had, by one stealthy pressure of the hand, ratified mutually the contract. There were in a vast natural cavity. The chamber in which they stood was twenty feet high, and as many wide, while across its centre ran a little stream, which fell into a hole, ran under the house, and joined the stream before alluded to.

"Son and daughter," said the old man, holding up his lamp, "you are in a gold mine. Above, below, around, every where is gold. It is the same all over the country, but in no place is the mineral more abundant than in the chambers of this vast cave. For twenty years have I ventured alone here, during the long hours of the night, and behold the produce of my toil."

He pointed towards a pile of small barrels occupying one corner of the cave.

"And is all that gold?" cried Walter, almost breathless.

"All gold! Truly, the Indians are right, though they never suspected the truth, I

am the "Gold-Man." It is gold, and the fortune of Guadalupe. Young man, you receive from me the sacred deposit of an old man's only child; swear to me, here in this place which has been for years my field of battle, to be a good and kind husband, and a faithful protector."

"But, sir—it is not possible—your daughter, rich and wealthy and beautiful, may wish to find her equal."

"She knows not the value of her wealth. But, Guadalupe, speak. Wilt thou take this young man for thy husband, to be thy friend and companion when I am gone?"

"Father, talk not thus," said the girl, passionately. "I never saw one I liked so much before; but I cannot hear you talk of death."

"Walter Bruce, you hear, she is yours; but let us come away from this; I have much to tell you yet, and much to arrange."

That evening the Gold-Man told his story—the narrative of his wild adventures in California—of his discovery of the precious metal—of his long and arduous labors, and of their successful termination. He had been ill for more than three months, but had kept this fact a secret from his child. Alarmed at his expected death, and the difficult position of his daughter, he had partially hinted at his riches to his employers, and had begged them to send him some one to whom he could, without hesitation, give his daughter.

Walter Bruce went to bed that night, but not to sleep; he was half mad with excitement and joy. He rose fevered and excited, but to find his waking visions still real. The next few days were spent in preparations for their departure. Old Pablo, vanquished by the earnest prayers of the young couple, consented to travel, and try the power of medicine. A week later the counter was given up to Jacob Willis, and the caravan set out on its return voyage. A few days later, they reached the schooner, and on the third Sunday from their departure from the dry diggings, Walter and Guadalupe were united in marriage by the joint efforts of the American consul and a Mazatlan priest. Old Pablo did not survive their union ten days; his disease had grown too powerful, and he was buried, contrary to his expectation, far away from his long-cherished home.

Walter and his wife made the best of their way to Vera Cruz, and thence to New York. Gaudalupe grieved bitterly for the death of her kind old father, and her husband found it necessary to travel constantly to occupy her mind. He invested his vast wealth in good securities, and after a long peregrination through the United States, took ship for Europe. Both himself and his wife took a strong liking to Paris, as do most Americans; and thus it was I met them. They still make it their head-quarters, being less disposed to travel, since the birth of Master Pablo Walter Bruce, which occurred about six weeks back. My friend had intended making public his discovery in California, but scarcely had he arrived in New York, when the rumor reached his ears that California was a gold country; a fact which none perhaps ever had better cause to know than the heir of "The Gold-Man."

From Dickens' "Household Words."

COOLNESS AMONG THIEVES.

Some years ago, I went, says the governor of a metropolitan prison, as was my daily custom, to the "Reception Ward," which contained the prisoners committed on the preceding day, who yet retained their own clothes. Amongst a herd—for the most part of dirty vagabonds—stood a well-dressed young man, about twenty-five years of age, of fine stature, mild and intelligent countenance. Struck by his appearance, I inquired the cause of his committal.

"A lamentable mistake," he replied. "I am accused of having picked the pocket of an officer of the guards, at a bazaar; but I am a *gentleman*, connected with one of the best families in the country. My name is Hawkesbury. My father is a major in the army; and he will be thrown into a state of great distress by my apprehension."

His address was so free from the affectation of distress or excitement, that I really thought there had been some error. I consequently whispered words of consolation; advised an appeal to the home secretary, by his relatives, assuring the young man of prompt redress, should he have been committed wrongfully. He sighed deeply, modestly expressed his thanks; and I left him with the persuasion that he was the victim

of a mistake. He told me his father had been made acquainted with his arrest, and that steps would forthwith be taken to insure his release.

The prisoner was, in due course, clothed in the prison dress, and consigned to the ward allotted to "rogues and vagabonds." On that very forenoon I was seated in my office, when a stranger, apparently fifty years of age, of elegant exterior, and seeming to labor under irrepressible emotion, was shown in. Sobs seemed to choke his utterance, and some minutes elapsed before he could convey to me that he was "the father of an unhappy young man named Hawkesbury."

Then ensued the reiteration of family connections, (a baronet was affirmed to be a relative,) of the deplorable error of so disgraceful a charge against a gentleman of good station, and of the terrible consequences which might result from the communication to certain members of the family. To my recommendation to address himself to the secretary of state, the agonized father replied that the exposure of the family name would be a grave infliction—"the thing was impossible!" After a prolonged scene of mental distress, Hawkesbury was left to undergo his sentence of six weeks' imprisonment, with hard labor; and I was implored to treat him with all possible lenity. The young man observed the most unexceptionable conduct, and was in due time discharged.

About two years had rolled on since this occurrence, when daily duty took me again to the reception ward; and there, again, amongst the host of delinquents, stood the fashionable "Hawkes*worth*," now no longer "Hawkes*bury*." I started with astonishment, and again had occasion to remark his calm and stoical imperturbability. I received his former protestations of mistake, family connections, &c., &c., with avowed incredulity; and, assuring him that he should not impose upon me a second time, I consigned him to the treadwheel without a grain of my original remorse. He was, on this last occasion, sentenced to imprisonment for three months, for picking a gentleman's pocket at the Italian Opera.

The outer gate of the prison is furnished with ponderous knockers; and, while in conversation with a county magistrate, in my office, we were both startled by a knock so long and loud, that it made the whole building reverberate. Presently in stepped a well-dressed man, who, in the loudest accents, and with the loftiest carriage, demanded, "Is the governor within?" The gatekeeper doffed his hat, and with the utmost respect answered in the affirmative. The stranger was accordingly admitted, and rushing up to me, and addressing me by name, seized my hand eagerly, and shook it with the cordiality of an old friend. I was amazed. "You have the advantage of me, sir," said I; "I have not the pleasure to remember you."

"No?" said he, with an assumption of gravity. "Why, I had the misfortune to have to seek your good offices two years ago, in behalf of an unfortunate young man, who—"

Here I recognized the "major." Suddenly interrupting him, I said, "You don't come to me again about that young man Hawkesworth, do you?"

"That is exactly my errand, sir?"

"Then," said I, indignantly, "you will be kind enough, another time, not to take me by the hand, nor to address me with such unauthorized familiarity."

"Not take *you* by the hand, and why not, sir? My name is Howard. I am a Royal Academician. I reside at Cloudesly Terrace, Hammersmith; and I often have the honor to take Sir Robert Peel by the hand, and to dine at his table."

I charged the fellow with having personated the major, the father of Hawkesbury, and the relative of a baronet. With unblushing hardihood, he affirmed that I labored under a delusion. He had never stated himself to be "the *father*" of the young man, but "the intimate *friend* of the father," and, turning to the magistrate, (whom I had addressed by name in his hearing,) he solicited the honor of a visit from him at "Cloudesley Terrace, Hammersmith," where he should be happy to see him, and disabuse his mind of all suspicion, by proving to him his real name and station. Thereupon, making me a cold and stately bow, he withdrew.

As I had supposed, on sending to inquire, neither Cloudesley Terrace nor Mr. Howard were to be found in or near Hammersmith. The subsequent career of these two worthies is soon told. They went on thriftily in their

nefarious calling for a few years longer, until, at length, they were apprehended, at Cowes, for picking pockets at a ball of the Yacht Club, to which, doubtless, they had gained admission by finesse. They were taken before the local magistracy, and committed for trial at the ensuing session of assizes. With great dispatch they sued out a writ of *habeas corpus*, and were, in consequence, taken before a Judge in Chambers, in London, who allowed them to be bailed; but the two fashionable scoundrels decamped to America, doubtless preferring the sacrifice of their bonds to the all but inevitable certainty of transportation.

Fiery disputants seem to mistrust their cause or their wit by fleeing for assistance to clamor and passion.

He who denies nothing to his own luxury will pardon nothing in another man's.

CHRONICLE OF THE WEEK,

IN A FIFTH LETTER TO A FRIEND.

Did it ever happen to fall within the range of your experience to write letters by rule—and at a definite time—not letters of business, but friendly, gossiping letters, which you felt it a duty to lighten with all the piquancies of speech and pen, at your command? If you have not, you have been spared the infliction of a pleasure which is a mortal pain.

It were well to think of this periodic torture, in your strong reflections upon editorial life, and to soften your hap-hazard condemnations of editorial stupidity, with a running glance at his constantly recurring necessities.

In the brisk air of a November or a March,—with a roaring fire, and a well-filled book-shelf—the pen stirs up a man's thought into healthy hard-working, that luxuriates in toil; but, with the languishing air of fast-coming summer on one's brow, and the sweet, enervating influences of June roses at the elbow—what a dull and stupid implement does the pen become!

The energy of work dies away in the soft gush of sunshine, and the hum of the summer flies lulls you into a sweet inactivity. How coarse and unprofitable all our figures of speech and the happiest flights of fancy in comparison with the leaves of a tree, or the vapory clouds hanging their fleeces to the sun!

Who—that, like you, is luxuriating in the hearing of brooks—cares one fig about the city week that has launched us into the middle of June? You know that you are reading my very letters—though the hand is familiar—as if the page were little better than a blank, and as if the city were but a saucy interloper, to be thrusting its noisy brawl into your quiet solitudes.

Even now your thought is straying to some broad stream, over which the beeches and hemlocks interlace, keeping the surface dark and cool: and your eye is following your fly upon the ripples, and your ear drinking up greedily the heavy break of some fish below—while you seem to be reading my Chronicle.

For all this, however, you may be safely pardoned; for of news proper there is scarce a syllable to tell you.

The new costume, about which all ladies are just now agog, is at the top of very much of the current chat, and draws out all sorts of opinions in all sorts of ways.

As to whether the innovation will succeed, it would be hardly safe to hazard an opinion. From time to time a lady in the new dress makes her appearance upon the trottoir, to the intense amusement of all the small boys and horse-jockeys, and to the great inconvenience of those who dislike a crowd of starers.

The dress is certainly—with such additions as good color, good make, and a jaunty foot—as provokingly pretty a dress as a lady could wear! while on the score of economy, convenience, health, etc., we believe the sisterhood of judges, is nearly unanimous in approval.

But, *per contra*, Turkish fashion will have to combat the shrugs of such ladies as have private reasons for keeping their feet out of

sight,—and of such short-formed ones, as would be made shorter by the change, and lastly, of those numerous corps of retainers who worship old family traditions, and who would no sooner think of shortening their skirts than of shortening their tongues.

In any event, we may be sure of extracting from the stir a little variety of costume, and of studying beauty under a new crowd of disguises. We shall expect to find *Punch*, too, when he gets wind of the matter, making himself very funny at the cost of the reformers.

The old ladies will tell us that this is the price which novelty and enterprise always pays for its ventures; and we shall have abundance of psuedo-independence without doubt. And, between ourselves, my dear fellow, I think that the reformists will have the best of it,—not, perhaps, on the score of wit, or happy *equivoque*,—but, what is far better, on the side of common sense, propriety, beauty, and fitness.

I have kept you even with the current of news about JENNY LIND;—so I must not omit to record her rupture with BARNUM—very likely a peaceable rupture,—but for all that—a rupture. And while the showman makes such use of her name, as I hinted at last week,—no reasonable man will regret the fact. I dare say it will be hard to find a manager who shall combine so many good qualities for JENNY'S position, as BARNUM; yet, after all, his instincts are, I greatly fear, of too *level* a make for consort with the Nightingale of the North.

You know, my dear fellow, that you may credit all my observations on such heads to my honest convictions;—for I am not a favorite with publishers, or museum holders, and am neither beholden to free tickets or to books of presentation, for my talking about singing or poetry.

Our steamers, you will hear, have latterly won great honor by some extraordinary passages. Among them all, the Pacific seems to bear the palm, and has won special glory in making the three fastest consecutive passages ever made by an ocean steamer.

—— Speaking of costume for the ladies, reminds me that these are not the only neglected ones, and that we have the promise of a revised fashion for the gentlemen as well as for the ladies. I cut you this morsel of remark thereanent from a British paper:—

"We are anxious to draw general attention to the subject of costume; that which is now prevalent in Europe being devoid of all the requisites for dignified historic painting, utterly incongruous with sculpture, and no less unfavorable to the living figure, both as regards appearance and convenience.

"Not to dwell on serious evils in regard to health and comfort arising from deficiency of ready adaptability to the hourly variations of the weather, it is remarkable, at this period of advancing taste in architecture, furniture, and decoration of every inanimate object, that little regard is paid to a suitable presence. No costume of which there are any traces was ever so inconsistent with grace, simplicity, and dignity of aspect, none so uselessly complicated, as a European's of the present day. The unity of the figure is frittered away. Stiff lines and angles disguise the body, and an uncouth hat crowns the disfiguration. Groups of men in the ordinary garb gratify no taste but that of caricature: neither painting nor sculpture can advantageously transmit to futurity a faithful representation of any event constituted of such a group. Nor does admixture of female fashions often obviate the difficulty. Family groups of the present date have seldom any charm beyond the kindred circle. To expect from art truthful representations of events in which our contemporaries are engaged in their usual habits, is to expect meanness of aspect to express all that is noble. Interesting as such faithful painting and sculpture would certainly be to posterity, they must remain unattempted until dress displays the flowing lines and harmonious colors in which Nature and Art delight. Historical subjects must continue to be sought in remote periods, and to exemplify chiefly the imagination of the artist genuine scenes of great interest will remain unknown in this high department of art.

"The cause of truth, the interests of our own times, and the satisfaction of posterity, alike require the removal of such an impediment to artistic faithfulness.

"We, therefore, invite from all countries examples of the best style of dress, both male and female, combining dignity, simplicity, elegance, comfort, and convenience, with a special regard to artistic representation, and to the employment of the various fabrics now in use, or that can be introduced.

"Let it not be supposed that any sudden or extravagant departure from existing modes is requisite, nor fixed forms precluding the display of individual taste and fancy; still less any sumptuary regulation. What we suggest to designers and makers of every article of dress is, in availing themselves of the decisions published by her Majesty's

Commissioners as to some of the objects which may be admitted to the Exhibition under section three, viz., 'hats' and 'garments'—and under section four, 'models' in *any kind of material*, (the conditions being that they shall exhibit 'increased usefulness or improved forms,' 'beauty of design,' and 'such degree of taste as to come under the denomination of fine art,') to exhibit at the approaching most favorable opportunity such forms as may afford a series of *transitional* changes (to which the public already evince a decided tendency) from the present fashion to a style consistent with the foregoing views and the advanced tastes of the age."

—— Whether it is that our bad show in an Art-way, in the palace of London, has quickened our American sense of need, I do not know;—but there is talk now in our city, of what will breed better a sense of what is beautiful than all the Exhibitions of all the American Institutes to the end of time.—I mean a PARK.

Join your gratulations with ours, my dear fellow, at the mere hint of such a measure of grace from the city council. What it is to be or where, I am not well posted about;—if you can make any thing of this paragraph from a contemporary, however, it is very much at your service:—

"*New Lungs for the City.*—Ventilation, on a large scale, is what, just now, we very much want, for crowding brick and mortar stoppers-up of open lots are shutting up every avenue whence the breezy air from our surrounding hills and beautiful waters can blow. Shortly will be returning from the '*World's Fair*,' thousands of fellow-citizens, who, freshly glowing with remembrance of Hyde and Regent's Parks, the Champs Elysées, and other noble people-estates aristocratic Europe more liberally provides than democratic Yankee-land, will seek (if it have not been already done) to lay out similar openings here. But ere this infusion of fresh blood be poured into our *corporate body*, let us see whether we cannot of ourselves secure this most desirable of objects. The Committee on Lands and Places have reported in favor of the proposed new Park, embracing Jones's woods and the Schemerhorn estate, between Sixty-sixth and Seventy-fifth streets, and running from the Third Avenue to the East River. The Park will extend over an area of a hundred and fifty acres, is bountifully wooded, has a noble water frontage far more grand than that of the artificial waters in the Parks of London, and the situation is beautiful. This noble lung will in six years be the breathing vent of a neighborhood that ere long will be the centre of this metropolis. Union Park is already not talked of as *up-town*, and if the ground spoken of be not immediately purchased for the purpose we advocate, in ten years it will be covered with houses, and our pulse-beat be more clogged a thousand fold than now. We look upon the enlargement of the Battery, despite details of troublesome adjustment of dock and harbor privileges, as a fixed fact. Its consummation may be delayed, but no municipal authority would willingly incur the responsibility of defeating a measure fraught with benefits so inestimable to the community."

The good ladies of the short-dresses must excuse me—but if they were to help forward this motion toward breathing places, where they might drive, walk, or saunter away a blue-faced summer day—they would—*me judice*—be helping on their color and their *embonpoint* as thriftily as with the shortest of their skirts.

THE BOOK WORLD.

What on earth shall I tell you of books, in this tepid atmosphere of a city afternoon? Enough are lying around me to craze a man to madness, and yet no single one is cooling enough to put me in critical humor, or to sum up either its merits or demerits.

A new *start* has been made in the way of an Illustrated Paper: but there are strong doubts about its success. It is edited daintily enough; but the designers and wood cutters are either behind the time, or else they are not spurred with enough of pay.

—— The bulletin of the Philadelphia Art-Union is by me, and its talk of pictures and art is grateful in the heat. Philadelphia boasts, and justly, in its population, some of the noblest and most liberal appreciators of art in this country; and their art-union reporter is a fair earnest of the worthiness and taste of their general feeling.

I have also at hand a prospectus for the publication of an Indian Poem by Mrs. GREENE—favorably known to the public by occasional pieces, and by most honorable mention at the hands of Dr. GRISWOLD.

Nothing of special novelty is in the publishers' lists, except a new novel from the pen of the author of the Lady Alice.

The piquancy and picturesqueness of Mr. HUNTINGTON'S first book (whatever people may say of its theology and morality) cannot fail to insure to his second a wide and eager company of readers.